Collier's

AUGUST 27, 1949
15¢



What Happened to the Fair Deal



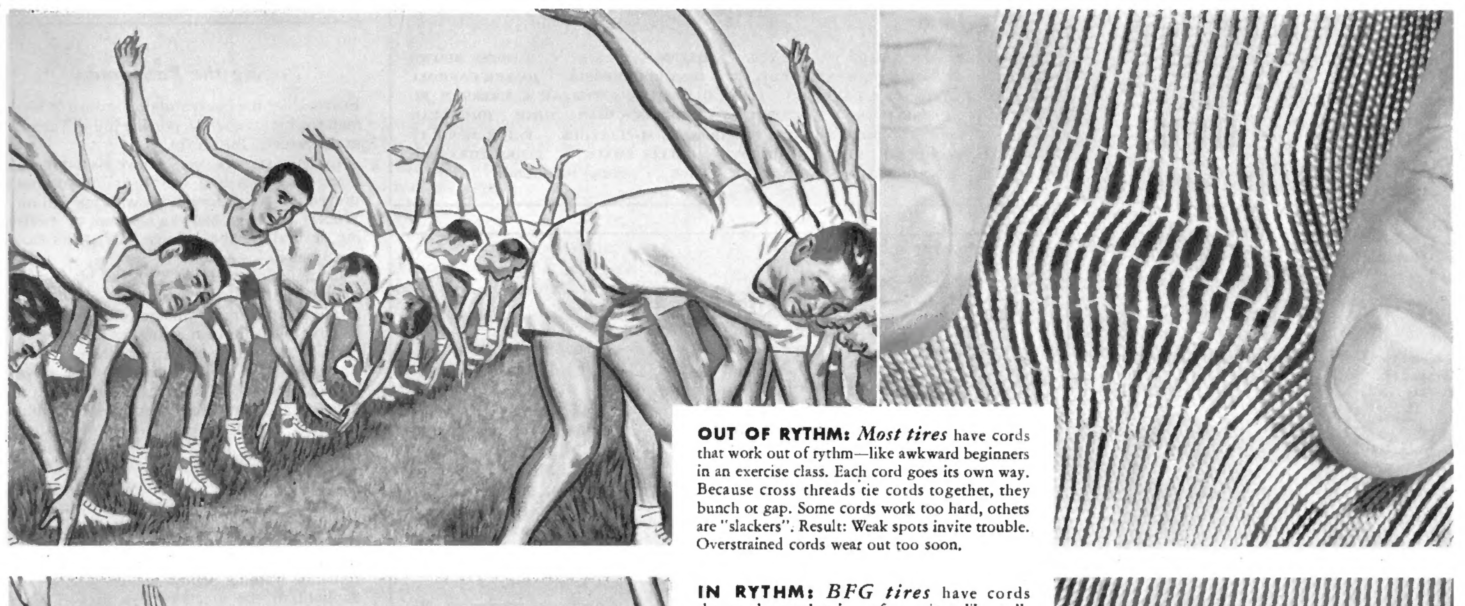
The difference between an ordinary suit and a really good suit cannot always be seen in the fitting room mirror. But after a few months, it is apparent to everyone, and from then on the gap widens fast. While one is going downhill, the other is building you up. And by the time the first is discarded, the one with the Trumpeter label is still in the prime of life.

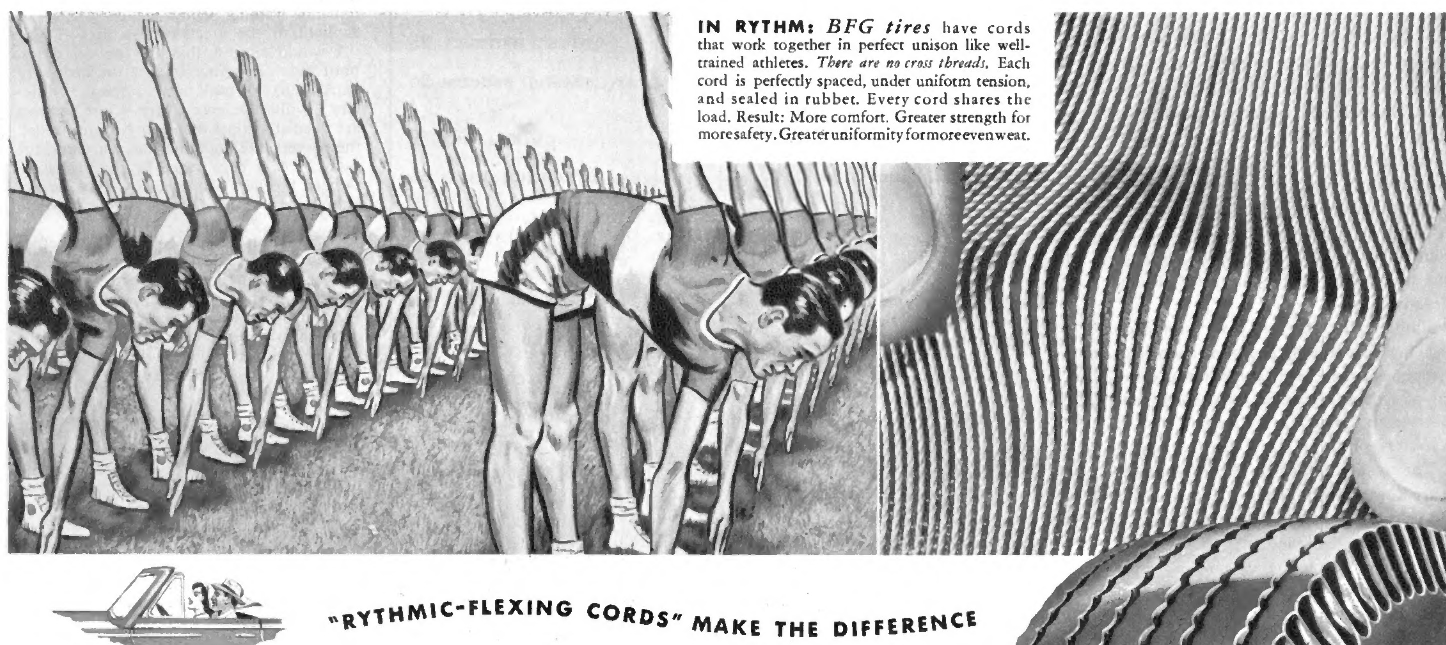
The gentleman above is wearing a Pan American suit in the popular three-button, patch-pocket model.

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August 27, 1949

ARTICLES

FICTION

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 124, No. 9. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board: Albert E. Winger, President: T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, William L. Chenery, Edward Anthony, E. A. Schirmer, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.
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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

The Cover

Citizens of St. Louis (eighth U.S. city) will quickly recognize part of their sky line in this painting by Thomas Fransioli, Jr., of Cambridge, Massachusetts. An architect by training and a painter by desire, Mr. Fransioli selected Boston as his first subject three years ago. Other major American cities, as seen by this artist, will appear on Collier's cover from time to time.

Week's Mail

Paging the Patrolman

EDITOR: Let me congratulate Howard Whitman for his excellent reporting job in Terror in the Streets (July 16th).

In the past three years I have visited more than 300 cities and towns on my crime-prevention educational tour with my Jail on Wheels and have had the pleasure of meeting several of the officials Mr. Whitman mentions in his article.

Commissioner Harry Toy and his superintendent of police, Ed Morgan, of Detroit, are two of the most sincere officials I have had the pleasure of meeting on this tour. I do hope this article will arouse the residents of these cities to the fact that they have honest and sincere administrators who are handling the law-enforcement problems, but that they must have the man power needed.

J. EDWARD SLAVIN, Founder, Boys Village, Inc., Milford, Conn.

. . . I am one of those women attacked and robbed and, I might add, scared so badly that after nearly two years I am still unable to refrain from looking around when I hear someone walking behind me, even in broad daylight, on the streets of Detroit.

I would suggest that our poorer cities, until they can afford to hire the necessary patrolmen, call back into service the voluntary Civilian Defense Corps whose services are needed against the enemy in our midst: the pervert, the hoodlum, the murderer, the rapist. Let it be manned by the husbands, fathers, brothers of previous victims, or potential ones. EDNA DOWNES, Detroit, Mich.

. . . Crime must be nipped in the bud before it has a chance to develop. And the strolling policeman who knows the people in his district can do more to prevent crime than all the patrol cars and the scientific crime-prevention courses which are now the fashion in most police departments in the major cities of this country.

GEORGE KARP, Brooklyn, N. Y.

. . . CORRECTION JULY 16TH TERROR IN THE STREETS. HARVARD RADCLIFFE STUDENTS ASSAULTED CAMBRIDGE MASS NOT BOSTON. CAMBRIDGE CITY MANAGER PREFERS RADIO CAR OVER FOOT PATROLMAN.

PATROLMAN JOHN J. MURPHY, BOSTON POLICE DEPT., BOSTON, MASS.

. . . We still have a few foot patrolmen here in Gloversville, but not as many as should be had. Here's hoping all city and country officials wake up and give the population more protection.

There are numerous ways of raising money to back these useful operations. I personally would only be too glad to contribute, as I know others would be, too.

MRS. JOHN R. BAIRD, Gloversville, N. Y.

. . . The Constitution guarantees the right of all citizens to keep and bear arms. The statutes decree that the maintenance of peace and order is the duty of all citizens. In the presence of crime they have almost as much duty and authority as police.

But the police have strenuously opposed any action on the part of the citizen. As a result, the law-abiding citizen has been disarmed and the crook has been armed.

(Continued on page 8)

Bingham

What's the big idea?

IN manufacturing the things that make good telephone service possible, Western Electric people are guided by one big idea—the idea of *service to telephone users.*

For instance: the girls in the picture are wiring a new type of equipment that enables Bell System operators to put Long Distance calls through faster by dialing directly to telephones in distant cities. Our purpose is to make the equipment we produce so it will do its job faithfully for years, at the lowest possible cost for its upkeep — and Western Electric people never forget it.

● It's natural that this should be our big idea. For, giving you *good service at the lowest possible cost* is the aim of the Bell System—and Western Electric is part of the System, has been for 67 years.

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of telephone apparatus for the Bell System.

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of supplies for Bell telephone companies.

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of Bell telephone apparatus and supplies.

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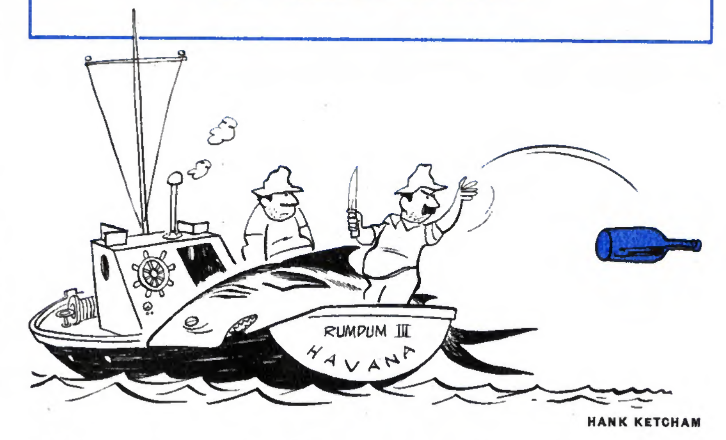






Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



HANK KETCHAM

The death of a multimillionaire in December, 1911, so affected the mind of his friend and lawyer in Boston, that the man stowed away on a transatlantic liner. He had with bim his friend's $30,000,000 will, sealed with red wax in a large blue bottle, and threw it overboard after the ship got under way. He soon recovered and after he realized what had happened, he offered through shipping journals a reward of $25,000 for the return of the bottle. But before it was found and identified nearly three years later off New Hampshire, it had traveled thousands of miles and been handled and tossed back in tbe sea by many people who were unaware of its value. Among them were fishermen who found it in the stomach of a shark they had captured near Cuba, a man who ran across it on a beach of Tobago Island and a missionary who discovered it, near the mouth of the Amazon, being worshiped as an idol by tbe natives.

* * * * * * * * *

Probably no sport is more brutal and bloody than the fights between two stallions that are staged surreptitiously by the wealthy Moro chiefs on Mindanao, one of the Philippine Islands. The cballenging cbiefs make fantastic bets with each other, which usually involve money, estates, jewels, racing boats and even women from their harems. On the morning of the event, the horses are primed by feeding them hot wine and hashish and their teeth are filed to razor sharpness. They are then tricked into battle by getting them into an "argument" over the possession of a little mare. After that, the fight beween them rages until one of the stallions kills the other.

* * * * * * * * *

One of New York's rankest cases of injustice was the conviction of Ameer Ben Ali ("Frenchy") for the murder of Carrie Brown. She was found stabbed to death and locked in Room 31 of the squalid East River Hotel off the Bowery on the morning of April 24, 1891. The case against Frenchy was based chiefly on the claim that bloodstains were found on both sides of the door to his room which was across the hall from Room 31. Yet witnesses swore no stains were there until hours after the crime had been discovered. Moreover, little or no effort was made to find the key to the locked door of number 31 or the man who had accompanied the victim to her room late the night before. As the verdict was second-degree murder, Frenchy received a life sentence and he served 11 years before strangers interested in his case were able to prove bis innocence and have him set free. The most important facts they uncovered were that the victim's missing companion had been recognized from newspaper descriptions as a resident of a New Jersey boardinghouse; that a few days after the murder he had disappeared and had never returned; and that he had left in a bureau drawer a bloody shirt and the key to Room 31.

* * * * * * * * *

Because of its revolution in 1917, Russia so embittered various international interests that they virtually flooded the world witb anti-Russian propaganda for several years. Of all the rumors they concocted and spread, one of their masterpieces, long believed despite its absurdity, was that Russian women had been "nationalized," meaning that they had been made public property.

* * * * * * * * *

Before the U.S. Weather Bureau revised its rules in 1941, it placed a broader meaning on its forecasting terms tban they had had in general usage. For example, a forecast of "Fair" was considered correct if not more than 2 per cent of an inch of rain was in prospect, while a prediction of "Rain" was correct if only a few drops were expected to fall. A forecast of "Warmer" or "Colder" was considered accurate if the temperature was to go up or down only two degrees, while that of "Little change in temperature" was not ultimately recorded as wrong unless the variation exceeded eight degrees in summer and 12 in winter. Therefore, the following forecasts, although they are seemingly opposite, were considered correct, by Weather Bureau standards, for the same locality at the same time: "Fair and warmer tonight and tomorrow," and "Rain tonight and tomorrow with little change in temperature."

* * * * * * * * *

On the Chinese island of Formosa, a picturesque belief of the 150,000 aborigines is that, when a person dies, he walks up a rainbow to "The Land of After Death."

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

Until the police encourage the responsible citizens to carry arms and learn how to use them, Whitman's picture of conditions will continue and increase.

The general use of firearms would cause accidents? Assuredly. But we do not rule automobiles off the road because of their hideous records.

The police can prevent crime when, and only when, they call responsible citizens to their assistance.

ERNEST W. TOWNE, Wollaston, Mass.

College Culture in the Rockies

EDITOR: As regards the article by John Chapman which you playfully dubbed Culture-Crazy Colorado (July 9th), we feel that both an addition and a correction are in order.

The appearances of such noted musicians as composer Paul Hindemith, violinist Louis Persinger and a dozen other nationally famous artists come as a result of these men being members of the Colorado College Summer School faculty, not because of presentation by the local Fine Arts Center, as you stated. It is only through months of work and contact that this group of artists is teaching here and is able to appear in weekly concerts for the public.

While the works are all presented in the Fine Arts Center theater, and while Colorado College and the Center do work closely together, we feel the victim of a lack of close checking by your author.

Colorado College also presented the Hanya Holm dance festival. Miss Holm is spending her eighth consecutive summer as a member of the Colorado College faculty.

K. G. FREYSCHLAG, Colorado College, Colorado Springs, Colo.

It's Bosh, Says Bob

EDITOR: Replying to Mrs. Gribble's letter (Week's Mail, July 9th), I must say that I have read and liked Mr. Wilson's articles, and a lot of comic books, too, but I certainly have not robbed a single bank yet!

This idea many adults have today about young people reading comics, and then immediately getting it in their heads to turn to crime, is all bosh.

I wholeheartedly agree with your editorial for July 9th (The Old Folks Take It Harder Than Junior), but I'm sure some "righteous indignant" persons will want to cancel their subscriptions because of it.

BOB ALLINGTON, age 13, Lincoln, Nebr.

The Man with the Wonderful World

EDITOR: Charlie Brannan and His Wonderful World (July 2d) puts the spotlight definitely on the future of this nation.

On page 17 the authors state that he (Brannan) was "admitted to the bar when he was twenty-six, he hung out his shingle in the midst of a depression. He was almost thirty before he had enough income to marry. . . . For three years after their marriage, the Brannans got along on slim pickings. . . . At the end of the five-year struggle Brannan gave up his effort to build a private law practice, and wangled an appointment to the legal department of the Resettlement Administration's Denver office." Quoting further, "The monthly pay check of $300 made life a lot easier for the Brannans."

Too many men are like Brannan, as pictured in your article, who, unable to be self-supporting, "wangle" a job with the federal government. We taxpayers would not object to feeding such apparent incompetents, if they would not aspire to a position giving them authority to force upon us a set of rules and regulations that are not based upon common sense and justice.

On page 68 we read about the recently acquired Brannan ranch, large enough to support 150 to 200 head of cattle. It seems to me that the taxpayers have done enough for the Brannans already unless the future policy of this nation is to enrich the incompetents at the expense of the self-sacrificing, hard-working taxpayer.

W. A. STUBBLEFIELD, Houston, Texas

. . . It's magic! Taxpayers support farmers . . . farmers buy our goods and services . . . and we all drive Cadillacs. A few wires are showing in this magic trick.

Why must we crown the farmer and make him the distributor of our national income?

Until business cycle theorists can give us a stronger argument concerning the effects of agricultural production on the economy, how can the masses subject themselves to the involuntary servitude of a solicitous farm bloc?

JOHN W. RICKERS, JR., Corry, Pa.

Some of These Days, Maybe

EDITOR: You're so right in your editorial, Comedian Diplomats (July 16th). Let's give the pros a chance.

Sophie Tucker, with Some of These Days, could do more as our standard-bearer in Luxembourg than all the caviar and champagne Perle Mesta could muster.

WELBY C. WOOD, Baltimore, Md.



Sophie Tucker, standard-bearer

Variable Winds

EDITOR: Maxwell Mays's cover (July 16th) is jolly, delightful and decorative; but it may give some old down-East seafarers the fantods.

For instance, if the course of the square-rigged craft be north, the position of the sails show the wind to be coming from the southeast. Yet the waves rolling ashore indicate an east wind while the flag indicates a north wind.

Oh, yes, and that two-masted craft—is that a *schetch* or a *kooner?*

D. K. WALLINGFORD, New York, N. Y.

The cover scene is a composite impression of several spots on Cape Cod, hence the several wind directions. The two-masted craft? Why, that's a sloopantine.

Thanks from Canadian Dentists

EDITOR: We wish to commend you upon the article, Our Kids with Crippled Mouths (July 16th).

Immediately after this issue appeared on the newsstands we distributed copies to several of our officials. Comment has been entirely commendatory.

The subject matter of this article is well chosen, authentic and well presented. You have made a splendid contribution to dental health education in publishing it.

DON W. GULLETT, D.D.S., Secretary, The Canadian Dental Association, Toronto, Canada

Admiral

New Wonder Set!

at the lowest price ever for a full size
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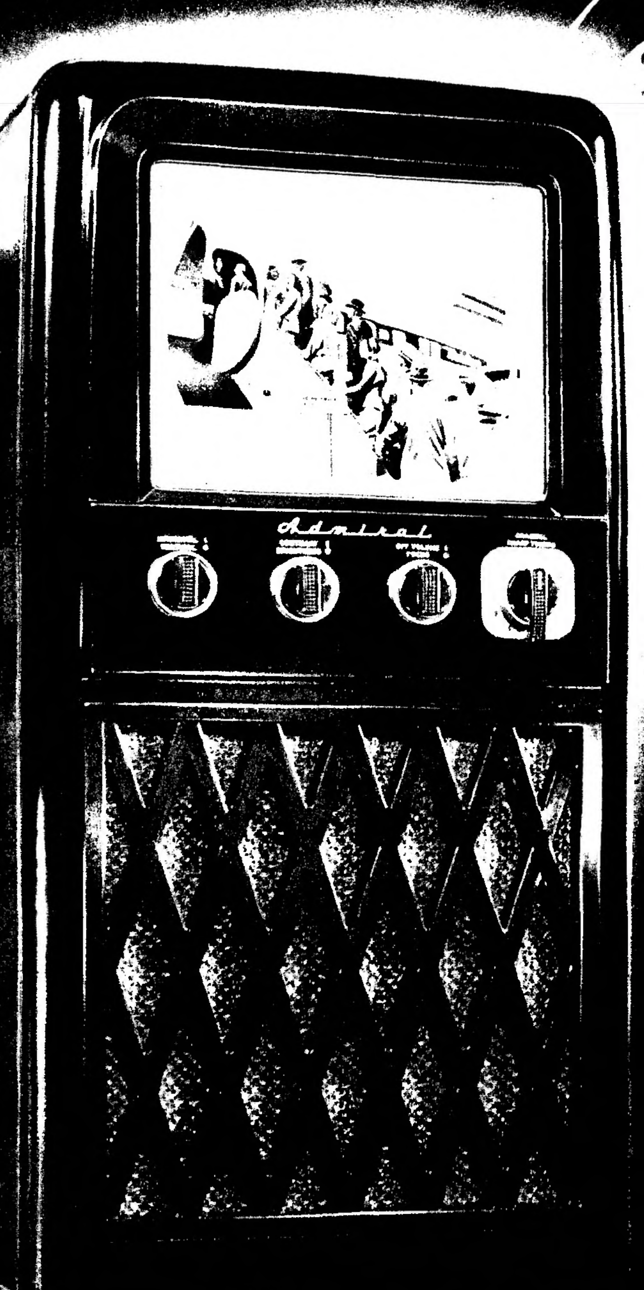
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Station
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Revolutionary
FULL SIZE
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It's here! The wonder television receiver you have been waiting for! Completely new and revolutionary! Super-powered to outperform even Admiral's famous 30 tube chassis . . . the chassis that has made television history by its unequalled performance in outlying areas where ordinary sets fail. *Pictures clearer than the movies.* They're in with a click when you switch stations . . . tuning is so simple. The full size, one-piece console of glorious mahogany color is a miracle of cabinet making . . . extra strong . . . virtually wearproof . . . resists scuffs and scratches . . . alcohol and other liquids won't mar it. Prove this Wonder Value to yourself. See! Hear! Compare!

Admiral Corporation, Chicago 47, Illinois

BUILT FOR THE FUTURE

Specially designed Turret Tuner, originated and first used by Admiral, can be adjusted for reception on proposed UHF channels on present standards.

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"Stop the Music," ABC Network, Thursdays, 8 PM, EDT

The main attraction everywhere . . . because it's

America's "4-most" car!

THE advantages that make the New Hudson America's "4-Most" car make it the car for you! For here is—not just a little "more" of this or that, but *the most* of all the things you want most. All in one car—the *most* beautiful, the *most* roomy, the *most* road-worthy, the *most* "all-round-performance" car in America, the gorgeous New Hudson.

Here is final proof of what engineers have always known—that the lower a car can be built (while maintaining full road clearance, as Hudson does), the more graceful its lines can be made, the better it will ride and perform, the more surely it will handle, the safer it will be!

Want to see for yourself? Your Hudson dealer invites you to come for a Revelation Ride in America's "4-Most" car today!

★ ★ ★

Eight body styles in Super Series and Commodore Custom Series. Ten rich body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires at extra cost.



40 YEARS OF ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP

1 most beautiful

Voted by millions—"America's most beautiful car!" A low build is the basis for really modern beauty, and the New Hudson, thanks to "step-down" design, is the lowest-built car of all—yet there's full road clearance. Its stunning lines flow naturally, even to the graceful curves of its wide Full-View windshield.

2 most roomy

Not just "more" roomy, but the most seating room—leg room to spare. The most efficient use of interior space in any mass-produced car; in fact, amazing head room. You enjoy the most riding comfort—ahead of rear wheels, within the base frame, down where riding is most smooth, most relaxing.

3 most road-worthy

Not just "more", but most road-worthy! Only Hudson, with its exclusive "step-down" design and recessed floor, achieves a new, lower center of gravity—the lowest in any stock car. Result: the safest, [illegible] est, most hug-the-road [illegible] known! And to all this, [illegible] adds the advantages of [illegible] frame construction.

4 most all-round performance

Your choice of the high-compression Hudson Super-Six engine, America's most powerful Six, or the even more powerful Super-Eight engine. Center-Point Steering for easiest handling. Triple-Safe Brakes for utmost safety. And many more high-performance, low-upkeep features.

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ONLY CAR WITH THE STEP DOWN DESIGN

ONLY HUDSON BRINGS YOU ALL THIS: Automatic gear shifting with *Drive-Master Transmission** . . . all-new, high-compression *Super-Six Engine* or masterful *Super-Eight* . . . *Chrome-Alloy Motor Block* . . . *Dual Carburetion* . . . *Fluid-Cushioned Clutch* . . . *Monobilt Body-and-Frame*** . . . *Safety Jack Pads* under frame . . . *Demountable Individual Fenders* . . . *Wide-Arc Vision* . . . *No-Glare Instrument Panel* . . . *Super-Cushion Tires* . . . *Safety-Type Rims* . . . *Weather-Control Heater-Conditioned-Air System**.

*Optional at slight extra cost

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What Happened to the FAIR DEAL

By CRAIG THOMPSON

•

The Eighty-first Congress, with a Democratic majority in both houses, played its own hand—regardless of party label—and junked most of Mr. Truman's unprecedented peacetime program

IN THE election of November, 1948, a fighting-mad Harry S. Truman went to the voters with a slam-bang issue. He said he had been thwarted by a no-good, irresponsible Congress dominated by politicking Republicans. He asked the people to turn the rascals out, and the people did. Though the margin was narrow, Truman ceased to be President by accident of succession and became a chief executive in his own right, with a Democratic majority in Congress. It looked as if he could have things all his own way.

In January of 1949, President Truman took to this supposedly friendly Congress a list of 24 proposals. He asked for more executive authority than any peacetime President had ever had—power to control prices, credits, commodities, exports, wages, rents; to fix allocations and priorities on basic industrial materials; power even to put the federal government in the steel business. He also asked for sweeping civil rights laws, low-cost housing, a 75-cent minimum wage, repeal of the Taft-Hartley labor law, compulsory health insurance, wide extensions of Social Security, federal aid to education, and a $4,000,000,000 increase in federal taxes to pay the bill. All this he called the Fair Deal.

Then, wholesale approval of the Fair Deal by Congress seemed a history-making cinch. Today, large chunks of it lie about Capitol Hill in what is all too obviously wreckage. What happened?

Simply this: After sixteen years of White House



ARTHUR ELLIS

One of the first to foresee a completely independent Congress was Rep. J. Percy Priest, House Democratic whip. Here Rep. John B. Bennett, Michigan Republican, chats with the Tennessean

guidance a Democratic Congress reluctantly but stubbornly asserted its Constitution-given prerogatives of independence.

At the start of the session only a few people had foreseen such a possibility. One of them was Representative James Percy Priest, of Nashville, Tennessee, a five-term veteran in the House. Mr. Priest understands the Eighty-first as well as anyone. He has to—it is a part of his job as the House Democratic whip. Over a midafternoon coffee in the House restaurant, Mr. Priest said, "From the day this Congress convened on January 3d, it was pretty plain to me that nobody could expect to boss it.

"This," he went on, thoughtfully spooning his coffee, "is the most independent-minded bunch of Representatives in my time, maybe in many years. Lots of them are war veterans who know the difference between a skirmish and a battle; they can't be stampeded. They have faced hazards much more dangerous than any pressure group or high bureaucratic brass, and can't be intimidated. Some of them ran ahead of the President in their districts and frankly feel they don't owe him anything. That doesn't necessarily mean they are against him; a majority are Fair Dealers at heart. They work hard, study the bills and make up their own minds. They're not reactionary, not ornery, not mad at anybody. They're just independent."

Which Is It—Politics or Betrayal?

When a Republican Congress bucks a Democratic President, that's politics. But when a Democratic Congress stands up on its own feet and makes itself felt in the presence of a Democratic President, that's a betrayal of the people—or so a large number of Congressional critics seem to feel.

Much of the harsher criticism of the Congress was based on the astonishing assumption that Congress' function is to serve as a Presidential rubber stamp, and some criticism of the President was based on the premise that it is his job to make it one. Though both assumptions are directly contrary to the first and second articles of the Constitution, as well as to U.S. tradition, they do derive substance and a sort of validity from recent U.S. history.

It is necessary to go back to Calvin Coolidge to find the last previous period when Congress and the President could disagree with mutual respect. Under the demoralizing onslaught of the Great Depression, Herbert Hoover adopted the spectacular tactic of approaching the Congress with six-shooters roaring.

After 1933, when Franklin D. Roosevelt rolled into Washington equipped with consummate political skill and a satchel of blueprints for bloodless revolution, White House domination of Congress was taken as a matter of course.

The Eighty-first Congress has put an emphatic stop to this historical trend. It has done this more by haphazard coalescence on separate issues than by any hard anti-Truman coalition, and as much through earnestness as orneriness. Without lightning flashes or bolts of oratorical defiance, the Eighty-first Congress restored to the United States a government of check and balance. The achievement may prove only transitory. It is bound to be the major underlying issue of the 1950 Congressional campaigns. In any event, it will remain an item for historians.

The quickest way to get the relationship between Congress and the President in true perspective is to separate foreign policy from domestic issues. In foreign affairs, the Truman program has had incredibly smooth going. Ratification of the North Atlantic Pact represents an achievement of first magnitude. It is only in the field of domestic matters that the Fair Deal has felt the impact of Congressional torpedoes.

The existence of this harmonious atmosphere in foreign affairs underlines an important fact in the domestic sphere: The President's troubles with the Congress do not involve deep-seated antagonisms, as critics of the Dixiecrat-Republican bloc would have us believe, but are based instead on differing interpretations of the 1948 election, and honest differences of opinion.

From the outset of this session, the President took the position that the Democratic platform plus the multitude of promises he had made as a political campaigner constituted a sacred pact between the Democrats and the people. Time and again during the campaign he charged that the Eightieth Congress could have enacted his program in 15 days if it had wanted to co-operate. And when the new Congress convened, he gave no indication of urgency. He seemed to feel that, having won the election, there was nothing left to worry about. In both houses there are pro-Administration men who now think this was the President's biggest, and at that time unnoticed, mistake.

When the President laid down the Fair Deal, none of the bills necessary to translate it into law had been prepared. The lack of anything to plunge into gave Congress three weeks of virtual idleness—time the members spent sitting in their offices shining up their pant seats, twiddling thumbs, and mulling over the meaning of the election.

Significant Election Statistics

Election post-mortems produced some surprising reflections. Out of 263 Democrats elected to the House, 101, many of them raw newcomers to politics, had polled more votes in their districts than had Truman. The same thing stood true for 17 out of 23 Democratic Senators elected, and only eight of the 17 were from the Southern states where the civil rights issue had split Democratic solidarity.

In the minds of the members of both houses a question arose: "Did the Congressional candidates pull Harry Truman into the White House?" It was a question none could surely answer, and it created an attitude of skepticism toward much of the Fair Deal. One veteran pro-Truman Democrat summed it up this way: "Hell, that wasn't an election, it was a dead heat. It cannot be considered a mandate for anything."

In this atmosphere, practical events encouraged independent thought. The nation had been still in a period of rising prices during the Truman campaign. Inflation was still a real danger. But after the votes had been cast, prices began to fall. The drop continued through December, January and up to the present. The decline was not precipitate or dangerous, but it was steady, and the Congress, watching it, concluded that if the nation's economy faced any grave danger it was more from deflation than inflation.

Congress decided that what the nation needed was not more taxes, but less. Or, if lower taxes were not possible, then less government spending. The members concluded that since the President had predicated his demand for increased power on the danger of inflation, he obviously no longer stood in need of it. By tacit consent in both houses, based on nothing more formal than a casual interchange of views, Congress flatly determined not to give President Truman the two most controversial features of his Fair Deal—more power and more taxes.

The result was a deadlock. Week after week Congressional feelers tested the White House atmosphere and reported back that the President was sticking to his program, all his program, and nothing but his program. Week after week Georgia's adamant Walter F. George issued statements which, though couched in the measured language of an elder statesman, nonetheless unmistakably pointed out that the President was trying to set up the national economy in the wrong alley. In May, Senator George was joined by Illinois's freshman Senator Paul H. Douglas, an otherwise down-the-line Fair Dealer. Others lined up in both houses, and the President, on July 11th, finally threw in the towel. In his mid-year economic report, he said in effect:

All right, boys, since I can't lick you, I'll join you. I agree this is a bad time to raise taxes. In fact, we might even lower them a little by cutting out the tax on the transportation of goods. (About $400,-000,000 per year.) But I think I was right all along, and I think I'm still right. What we have to do is spend our way out of this little recession before it

becomes a big one. Since we won't be taking in the money we're going to spend, we'll just keep the books in red ink for a while. But, mind you, I still believe in a balanced budget.

Thus the Congress won its major battle of 1949. In losing it, the President also lost out on his request for wide economic controls. As for the government getting into the steel business, anyone who mentions it in Washington nowadays is greeted with a harsh, derisive "Haw."

A minor but illuminating casualty of this economy battle was the widely favored proposal to cut the federal taxes on oleomargarine. Supported by one farm group and opposed by another, tbe bill was the object of much lobbying. The thing that stopped it was Administration's fear that if it were ever brought out of committee Congress would tack on amendments to reduce or repeal the federal taxes on cosmetics, railway fares, telephone calls, and a whole host of other items to such a sweeping degree that much government income would be lost.

The people gathered a wrong impression about all this for a very simple and natural reason: Early in the session, Senate Dixiecrats and Republicans had ganged up to deliver a *coup de grâce* to Mr. Truman's all-out civil rights program. From the beginning this issue had been bungled on the Administration side, but the behavior of its filibustering opponents provided Fair Dealers both in and out of government with a handy rallying cry. From then out, everything that happened to the Fair Deal was denounced as a Republican-Dixiecrat plot.

If the White House had sensed the truth, which was that individual congressmen were interpreting the election results individually, Senate majority leader Scott W. Lucas, of Illinois, might not have landed in the hospital in a state of exhaustion. But the President was too confident of his own opinion, and his lieutenants tried to go too far too fast. Result: Civil rights lost out.

In demanding virtually unconditional repeal of the Taft-Hartley law, Truman made another grievous miscalculation of the 1948 Presidential vote. At the beginning of the session, labor spokesmen had sailed into Washington brashly claiming practically sole responsibility for the election of the Democrats. They got a rude jolt when the Wood bill, unloved rewrite of the Taft-Hartley Act, was brought onto the floor of the House.

How the Wood Bill Was Killed

In two votes on this bill, the House reversed itself. First it voted to bring the bill out of committee, which indicated an intention to pass it, and then in what appeared to be a back-flip by a number of Democrats, killed it by sending it back. Florida's veteran Representative J. Hardin Peterson, of Lakeland, one of the Democrats who voted both ways, explained: "I was not in favor of the Wood bill. I voted it out in order to be able to vote to kill it, because I felt we'd never get anywhere until we found out where we stood."

The maneuver accomplished precisely that. Labor found out that for all its claims it could control no more than 113 votes in the House, a formidable but far from decisive segment. Outright repeal of the Taft-Hartley law was impossible.

Fortified by this knowledge, steely-minded Senator Robert A. Taft brought about a labor law showdown in the Senate. As coauthor of the original law which became the most bitterly attacked piece of legislation in recent times, he felt his political reputation was at stake. With firm leadership and adroit tenacity he engineered Senate passage of a slightly changed labor law which was, in all vital aspects, simply the same old Taft-Hartley law all over again. Knowing how the House felt, the Administration and labor *(Continued on page 49)*



Senator Bob Taft was largely responsible for the Fair Deal's only major victory on home issues. The picture of Taft's father is kept on the floor, so that the late President won't point to the ceiling

COLLIER'S PHOTO BY LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS



The BRACELET and the BLADE

The story of a girl who got what she wanted, and of another who got what she deserved

By **ROBB WHITE**

NOW that it was time, Ben felt shy and he wasn't so confident that he could heat the man. But it was too late to back out. The other lumherjacks were pushing him through the crowd toward the two logs.

Then Ben was standing by himself, the man who sold Hammond axes in front of him, the crowd at his hack. As the man talked about how good Hammond axes were, Ben noticed that he was looking them over, his little blue eyes sharp as hroken glass.

"Now," said the man, "here's ten dollars that says I can chop through this log faster than any man here. Provided he don't swing a Hammond ax. I won't cut against a Hammond, no sirree."

One of the lumberjacks yelled, "Will you cut against a Crunkleton, mister?"

The man didn't like that. But the crowd whooped and hollered because they all remembered the time an old man named Crunkleton had come down from the mountain and had cut against the Hammond axman. And whipped him, taking the ten dollars and not saying a word.

As the man scowled at the crowd, Ben looked at the brand-new ten-dollar hill. It made him feel better and he rememberd the way Rhoda had said it. "If you really loved me, Ben," she had told him, pouting the way she did sometimes, "you'd huy me that hracelet in Tutweiler's. But you don't really love me."

Ben looked over at her standing there in the red dress and red shoes.

The crowd stopped laughing and the man turned to him. "You look kind of young, Buster," he said in a loud voice. "Isn't there a full-growed man around here?"

Ben started to say that he was grown enough, hut Rhoda pushed her way to the man. Her lips were set tight and her eyes were glittery. "You let him cut," she demanded. "He's heen chosen, so you let him cut."

The man smiled at her. "Now when a girl as pretty as you asks me for something, I just can't resist. Specially when she's fitted so nice into a red dress like yours."

The crowd laughed but what he had said didn't bother Rhoda. She just let her eyes close slowly and then opened them wide, looking up at the man.

"You hold the money," he told her. "And if your young feller cuts through his log faster than I do, you just go over and hand it to him." Then he turned to the shiny rack of Hammond axes and lifted down a douhle-hitted one with a head all polished up like a mirror.

Rhoda counted for them—one, two, three—*cut*—and Ben started swinging.

At first there was a lot of noise, with the men and women yelling to Ben, helping him along, and the children squawking. Ben didn't pay any attention to it as he put all his strength into each blow of his ax. He was thinking ahout the hracelet. He would go right into Tutweiler's and pay the ten dollars for it so that Rhoda would know that he had it. But he wasn't going to give it to her until that night.

The noise of the crowd began to die down and Ben, out of the corner of his eye, saw the man cutting at the other log. At each stroke he was whirling the ax, the hit flashing in the sunlight. Ben started to whirl his own ax, hut changed his mind. He wasn't going to take any chances on not getting that ten dollars.

There was hardly any noise at all when Ben's log at last rolled, cut in two, and he straightened, looking over at the other log.

It also was cut in two, but the man wasn't near it. He was over talking to Rhoda, standing close to her while she smiled up at him. His ax was leaning in the rack with the others and he wasn't even hreathing hard. Ben could feel the sides of his neck getting hot as he turned slowly and looked at the people. They were all looking somewhere else. The men's faces were kind of sullen, and the women were watching the Hammond axman as he took back his ten dollars, patting Rhoda on the arm.

The man turned to Ben. "You'd've done hetter with a Hammond." Then he laughed. "Now, folks, I'm going to give you an exhihition of real wood chopping. I was just loafing with Buster here."

Ben felt raw as he walked over to Rhoda.

She hissed at him, "You shamed me. You didn't even try to get that money."

"Try?" Ben asked, puzzled. "He just outcut me, Rhoda."

She turned her back on him and went over to stand close to the Hammond axman.

ALL of a sudden Ben wanted to get away from there, clean away. Trailing his ax, he elhowed the people aside until he was clear of them. Then a little boy got in front of him, walking backward and yelling, "What was you cutting with, the hack?" and Ben wished hard that the hoy was man-sized so he could deal with him.

At last Ben was hy himself, walking up the road. He kept his eyes down and kicked at the stones, rolling them in the hot dust.

He didn't even know the wagon was in the way until he heard the girl in it say, "Whoa."

He had never seen her before, hut from the looks of the wagon he figured that she was from up the mountain.

"I'm going up the road a ways," she said.

Ben hesitated for only a moment as he looked hack at the people watching the man do some fancy cutting. Then he dropped his ax in the wagon hed and climhed up on the seat heside her.

She didn't say anything as she drove on through town and turned off at the steep, rocky road leading up the mountain. Ben sat slumped on the seat, staring at the muscles tensing and relaxing along the horse's stifle. He didn't even look at the girl.

He turned hack once and saw Rhoda's red dress still close to the man swinging the ax.

At last the girl said, "He heat you bad."

Ben nodded. They were topping a little rise and he decided that he would get out as soon as they were out of sight. *(Continued on page 45)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF





"How come you know so much about me?" Ben asked Judy. She just smiled and flapped the horse with the reins

Marine Hero "Red Mike" Edson Speaks Out Against

"POWER-HUNGRY Men in

By Major General MERRITT A. EDSON, USMC (Ret.)

WHILE the attention of most Americans has been focused on Europe's Iron Curtain, the shadow of another curtain—a Brass Curtain raised in Washington's Pentagon Building—is spreading over the nation. Behind it, continuing efforts are being exerted to fashion an American replica of the Prussian general staff system which destroyed all vestiges of democracy in the German nation, which plunged that country into four wars within three quarters of a century, and which has left Europe devastated, police-ridden and bankrupt.

Scarcely was the ink dry on the Japanese surrender document before a propaganda campaign began. It was designed to convince the people that the United States could never win another war unless we discarded immediately the very military organization which had just carried us through to victory. In its stead we were urged to adopt a system identical to that of the enemies we had just defeated—in the name of unification and economy, of course.

The first move in this direction had been made as early as November 2, 1943. The Chief of Staff of the Army on that date produced a "top-secret" paper concocted by the Army General Staff. This paper recommended that all of our armed forces be consolidated in a single Department of War, headed by a single civilian Secretary of War. The Secretary's proposed duties were so limited, however, that he actually would have been "head of the department" in name only. A supreme military Chief of Staff was to have direct access to the President in nearly all matters.

This supreme Chief of Staff was to take precedence over all other military and naval officers. He was to be a Chief of Staff for a National General Staff.

The armed forces themselves were to be cartelized in Prussian-type "trielemental" groups—ground forces, air forces and naval forces. A general supply department would furnish each force as the supreme commander dictated.

Earlier in the war, on February 28, 1942, the Army General Staff had secured White House approval to reorganize the War Department alone along these lines. The Army Staff officers surveyed their handiwork and found it good. Then they announced to the press: "The reorganization follows very closely that of the German supreme command, to which much credit is given for the achievements and success of the German military machine." In 1943 they were ready to try setting up the same type of Over-all High Command for all the armed forces.

I have used the phrase "Over-all High Command" advisedly. It is, of course, a parallel translation of *"Oberkommando der Wehrmacht,"* the name for the military group which gripped Nazi Germany. It describes accurately the military organization being urged on the United States.

The proposal ran into opposition and was dropped for the duration of the war. Then, in October, 1945, the Senate Military Affairs Committee commenced hearings on a "merger" bill, based on the General Staff's scheme.



OFFICIAL U.S. MARINE CORPS PHOTO

The general hears a report on the success of his Second Marine Division during fighting on Tinian

When it became evident that Congress would not accept the proposition, the Army brass tried to get the "trielemental" theory approved by the separate services. If all the military could agree to it among themselves, the single department system might be assured of a favorable reception by Congress.

In plain language, the "trielemental" theory is this: Everything that fights on land belongs in the "land forces"; everything that flies through the air belongs in the "air forces": everything that floats on the water belongs in the "naval forces"; and all three groups are dependent on a single supply service. Under such an organization the need for a National General Staff, or Over-all High Command, is self-evident.

A new bill was introduced in Congress two years ago, as the National Security Act of 1947. Since the term "merger" had fallen into disrepute and was repugnant to Congress, this bill was called a "unification" measure. Its leading proponent was Lieutenant General Lauris Norstad who represented the Air Force and the Army General Staff. It fell short of what the General Staff wanted, but it was weighted heavily in the Army's favor. After a thorough amending by Congress, it was finally enacted into law.

It was, in the main, a constructive and workable measure. It still is. Perhaps its greatest weakness lies in the ease with which it can be juggled to bring about the plan originally proposed by the Army in 1943.

Now, less than two years after the 1947 National Security Act actually became effective, those who advocate a military Utopia in terms of an Over-all High Command want to "strengthen" it. Their proposals were contained in the so-called Tydings bill, introduced in the Senate last March.

(Spurred on by President Truman's reorganization plan, the Tydings bill, as passed by the Senate, and a much milder House-approved measure, went to conference committee late in July.)

The Tydings bill represents the goal of the brass hats. They will continue to strive for it, step by step, one session after another. Let us see what the bill would do.

First, it would convert the present National Military Establishment into a single Department of Defense, headed by a Secretary of Defense, who would have authority to transfer personnel, with mild limitations, and to consolidate or eliminate altogether any existing agency, when or how the Secretary saw fit. He could simply label any act "elimination of duplication." Even the President does not have a blank check like that.

Second, it would establish the post of "Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff," which means a Chief of Staff of the armed forces.

Third, it would remove existing restrictions on the number of officers assigned to the "Joint Staff." As passed by the Senate, it raises the number to 210. This innocuous-sounding agency would, in fact, serve as a National General Staff. It was a similar provision for an unlimited number of staff officers, who compounded their power with a lifelong permanency of office, that permitted the German general staff to gain its tremendous influence over the German nation.

Fourth, the Tydings bill would reduce the Secretaries of the Army, Navy and Air Force to the status of mere figureheads.

Finally, it would authorize the super-Secretary to transfer all supply functions to the Munitions Board. That might "eliminate duplication," but it also suggests an overgrown replica of General Brehon B. Somervell's unwieldly wartime command.

All these changes are proposed in the name of "unification." They are, however, the cardinal features of the same type of "merger" plan which was repudiated by Congress in 1947. They would, if passed, set up the very military organization recommended by the Army General Staff in 1943.

If this is accomplished, we will have the military organization that has been publicized as something "new" and "necessary in this Atomic Age." Certainly it would be something new for a peace-loving, maritime democracy such as the United States of America.

It is no novelty elsewhere. Hitler's Germany and Mussolini's Italy, before their defeat, were quite familiar with just such general staff "unification." So is Stalin's Russia.

Wherever this type of military organization has appeared, the result has been the same. As night follows day, its adoption has been followed by the loss of individual freedom, the destruction of democracy, and poverty for the people who are stripped to meet the ever-mounting costs of arma-

Uniform"



COLLIER'S PHOTO BY RALPH ROYLE

The man who takes aim at what he calls Washington's "Brass Curtain" is a bero even by the proud standards of the Marine Corps. The general holds the Congressional Medal of Honor, won on Guadalcanal.

Retired in 1947 after 30 years' service with the Corps, Major General Merritt A. (Red Mike) Edson currently is director of the Vermont state police. His interest in things military continues, and today he is considered one of tbe country's most outspoken fighters. This article outlines his arguments against further centralization of military authority.

ment. It seems to work well in the early days of a war. But within the era of the generation which creates it, there have always come ignominious defeat and national disaster. History is full of stories like this. It contains no record of final victory in world conflict for a nation operating under sucb a military system.

Only the maritime nations of Great Britain and the United States, which traditionally employ "balanced" independent military forces, have heen ultimately successful in waging war. Why, then, the clamor to discard our winning comhination and adopt that of the losers?

Last March the late Secretary of Defense Forrestal pointed with pride to the 56 millions of dollars saved hy eliminating certain duplications in operations during the first year of unification under the present National Security Act. Actually, the savings must have heen rather theoretical. Neither he nor anyone else explained that, during the same period, our over-all expenditures for national defense increased from 10.4 hillions to more than 14 hillions; or that Congress hefore it is through will prohahly appropriate a total approximating 16 billions for the current fiscal year. (Military enthusiasts were asking for more than 20 hillions.)

One very high-ranking Army general had this to say ahout economies to he effected hy unification when a similar project was under consideration some years ago:

". . . Small and trivial concrete cases have heen cited of possihle overlapping and from these trivialities an opinion has heen expressed that great economies may he accomplished hy their elimination. The contrary would result . . . rather than economy this amalgamation would, in my opinion, represent one of the greatest dehauches of extravagance that any nation has ever known." This statement hy General of the Army Douglas MacArthur is just as true today as when it was written in 1932.

Monopoly has never resulted in economy. In the Sherman Antitrust Act, Congress has carefully guarded against the dangers inherent in a husiness monopoly.

Yet Congress is now being asked to create the greatest cartel of all time—a monopoly which will control almost 40 per cent of the nation's annual appropriations, and eventually reach into every segment of our way of life.

If economy is not the answer, perhaps we still need an all-powerful Secretary, and a Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to bring about harmony among the armed services? The answer, ohviously, is no.

Tbe Tydings bill will serve only to bide the "hickering" from the puhlic view. It will go on just the same behind the Brass Curtain. The struggle among the Army, the Air Force and the Navy for dominant position in the Over-all High Command will he intensified. It happened in Nazi Germany. There is every reason to helieve it could happen here.

The Army generals and the Air Force generals are hoth confident that their hranch will come out on top—and even some admirals are not without hope. The creation of the Over-all High Command is, of course, the first requisite. Without it, none of them can achieve the control each wants.

This struggle for power is at the hottom of the demand for unification. Whether the Army or the Air Force or the Navy gains ultimate control, the other two hranches are hound to suffer. The inevitahle result will he to weaken, rather than strengthen, our national security.

This in itself is had enough. But there is another danger that reaches far heyond the mere weakening of our security structure; a danger that has always gone hand in hand with the creation of an over-all high command of the military forces. Its nature is so subtle, so *(Continued on page 65)*



Private Office

By DONALD HOUGH

Even with his whole career as a salesman at stake, Deems Allison just couldn't sell young love short

DEEMS ALLISON, arriving for work, paused before the map on the wall of the general-sales office. Drawn inexpertly but in vivid colors, it depicted an ocean—any ocean—and on the coast line at the left, a city. Any city. Near the right border of the map was an island just large enougb to support one palm tree and an ironbound chest, tbe latter protruding from the sand.

The city was labeled The Home Port; the island was called Prosperity Isle, and the chest was designated as Buried Treasure.

On tbe high seas between the city and the island were a number of sailing ships, not drawn on the map but cut out of white celluloid and fastened to it with thumbtacks, so tbat their relative positions could be adjusted easily. They all were headed, of course, toward the island. On the sail of each one was lettered, in ink, the name of an individual; beneath each name were certain figures, in pencil.

Briefly, this was the romanticized graph of a sales contest. The names on the sails were those of salesmen of Makepiece & Timpkins, paper merchants; and the contest was sponsored, as clearly shown at the top of the map, by Clipper Mills, the products of which, among others, were handled by Makepiece & Timpkins.

One craft, leading the race to Prosperity Isle by many a nautical mile, was an intrepid vessel called the Corey Lawrence. Another, so far in the wake of the fleet as scarcely to have cleared the Home Port harbor, was a dismal tub named Deems Allison. Beneath this disgraceful laggard some wit had scrawled, "Barnacle Deems, the Sailor."

Barnacle Deems, the Sailor, looking at the map without visible emotion, apparently accepting the witticism as normal, was a seasoned salt of middle age. He turned away and hegan the morning march to his private office. His heels clicked solidly as he walked with measured stride down the aisle formed by rows of small desks at which the other salesmen were making their preparations for getting out on tbe street to start the day's work.

Deems was the only salesman who had a private office. It was more or less an accident: Just before the war, perhaps feeling a wee pinch, the company bad moved its offices from an expensive mid-town building and had settled for a floor of its warebouse, down by tbe river.

During the conversion of this floor from one purpose to the otber—entailing some whitewashing, painting and incidental construction—a little cubbyhole office back by the freight elevator, wbich had been used by the floor storekeeper, bad been left standing. Nobody knew why.

In any case, when the white-collar workers moved in, there it stood—a small antique coop lighted by a bulb that hung at the end of a drop cord and was shaded in green tin, equipped with an elderly ink-stained golden-oak desk, a kitchen cbair and a shelf. Also a stool.

Deems had taken this over. Of course it was nothing like the new private offices tbat had been built for Mr. Makepiece and Mr. Timpkins, but it had a fine executive character of its own, and Deems felt that it gave empbasis to the personal status that had allowed bim peremptorily to move in: that of senior salesman, in point of service to the firm.

THIS morning he arrived at his office—having nodded pleasantly to several junior salesmen on his way to it—whistling softly, as usual. He snapped on the light, placed his hat on the shelf, took off his jacket, sat down and stretched. He took a newspaper from bis coat pocket and opened it at the financial page.

"Good morning, Deems."

He looked up at the young man standing in the narrow doorway. "Hello, Corey," he said genially. "Come right in. Sit down on the stool, there. Always glad to see you. I can hardly call my time my own these days, but I've always got a few minutes. Just because this is a private . . ." He leaned back in his chair, tilting it. "Well, I see you're way ahead in the kindergarten contest. Did you bring an apple to teacher this morning?"

Corey Lawrence grinned *(Continued on page 56)*

Dorothy stamped her fnot and looked at Deems indignantly. "You leave Corey alone, Deems. Do you hear?" Deems just shifted in his chair

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY FREDMAN



Chester Bowles learned his politics from Franklin D. Roosevelt, but when he tried to give the Nutmeg State a New Deal, he ran into a lot of down-East Republican Yankees who didn't want anything of the sort

'52 Buttons for Bowles?

By WALTER DAVENPORT

The striking resemblance between the governor of Connecticut and a man who would like to run for the Presidency in 1952 is not exactly a coincidence

ALL over these United States certain Democratic wiseacres are keeping a sharp eye on Connecticut. They can't rid themselves of an annoying impression that the governor of the Nutmeg State regards himself as a lively possibility for the Democratic Presidential nomination—just in case Mr. Truman leaves the '52 nomination open to any comer.

The Hon. Chester Bowles has never been one to fail his public and although his predominantly Republican House of Representatives has been trying desperately to upstage him ever since his inauguration almost a year ago, he has managed to remain in the spotlight and give out with a good show. But to do so he had finally to invoke one of the governor's prerogatives which old-timers said had never before been used—he adjourned the Connecticut General Assembly himself.

When that happened, the Democrats, who tightly controlled the Senate, started shaking hands with themselves. Although their governor's New Deal type program had taken quite a painful shellacking in the Assembly's first session, they were seeing to it that nobody was left unaware that the Republicans were to blame. Their governor's original budget had been pared down from $298,000,000 to $238,000,000—thus, said the Republicans, saving Connecticut taxpayers $60,000,000. The Democrats insisted that that was strictly a phony figure and pointed out that when the G.O.P. had finished repairing its political fences with taxpayers' dough, the savings would amount to no more than $34,000,000.

Both sides conceded that Connecticut's fiscal affairs were in a prodigious mess. And both charged that the other was unbalanced, budgetarily and otherwise.

The Republicans were already beginning to worry about 1950, when Mr. Bowles, who learned his politics under a famous headmaster named Roosevelt, would be a candidate to succeed himself. The G.O.P. leaders became suddenly and painfully aware that in blocking, curtailing, gelding

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

and even killing the governor's loudly publicized social program, they had written his future campaign speeches, built his political platform and given him enough issues to last indefinitely. Worse, unless they could dig up something or someone before November, 1950, who could lick him at Connecticut's polls, Mr. Bowles might, in 1952, realize those Presidential-candidate rumors, which would not displease the Nutmeg State's chief executive.

Just to increase the Republicans' pain, the governor had called the legislature into special session to make his opponents explain—if they could—why they hadn't showered his suggested social benefits more generously on the state's less fortunate citizens. Furthermore, he saw to it that they had to talk loud and fast; his typewriter-microphone-multigraph publicity mill was roaring like a blast furnace all the time.

Day and night it was telling Connecticut's 2,012,000 citizens that it was the will of "heartless Republicans" that schools should be too few and understaffed; that the aged, the unemployed and the unemployable were not to get more assistance and that the unhoused should remain roofless.

G.O.P. Propaganda Loses Its Punch

The overworked, one-horse Republican propaganda machine was still clanking in opposition, but it was losing its audience because it had nothing new to peddle. Over and over it told Connecticut that the Republicans in the House had saved the taxpayers a disputed number of millions of dollars by not giving the governor all he wanted. Repeatedly it sought to shock the Nutmeg State with the news that Americans for Democratic Action, of which the governor is a member, was a dangerous, left-wing organization and that its members roved the governor's office as free as the air.

But neither the savings boast nor the ADA alarum raised the temperature of the public. Perhaps Mr. Bowles didn't have the Republicans on the run, but he had them walking fast and looking fearfully over their shoulders.

As for economy, the governor had pulled a swifty on the Republicans anyway. Economy, said he, like charity, should begin at home. Therefore the business of saving money should start right there on Hartford's Capitol Hill. There were 108 boards, bureaus, agencies and whatnots running the governmental affairs of the state. At least half of them served no useful purpose and had become expensive sanctuaries for incurable officeholders who, even if you could find them, couldn't give anyone a satisfactory reason as to why they were being supported by the taxpayer.

Mr. Bowles therefore introduced a bill calling for a reorganization of the state government which would include a reduction of the 108 agencies to fewer than 50. From these menaced political tombs, voices which hadn't been raised above a whisper for years suddenly arose in shrill protest. With its fingers in its ears, the Democratic Senate passed the reorganization measure, but the Republican House killed it—95 per cent of the threatened jobholders being Republican.

Then Bowles pulled the string. He called together a number of important Connecticut industrialists, business and professional men. All of them were relentless Republicans. He talked economy and efficiency, subjects they not only understood down to the ultimate penny but of which they wholeheartedly approved. Also, they were friends and admirers of Senator (former Republican governor) Raymond Baldwin, whom Mr. Bowles appointed, at Baldwin's earnest request, to the State Supreme Court of Errors.

It all worked out neatly. Mr. Bowles's political ideal, F.D.R., couldn't have done a slicker job. Members of the governor's Republican audience endorsed the reorganization bill without stirring from their chairs and passed word of their approval on to the Republican House at once. Inasmuch as these were the fellows who *(Continued on page 41)*

Connecticut's first family, at home on their estate overlooking the Connecticut River, are (left to right) the governor, Cynthia, 13, Sam, 10, and Mrs. Bowles. Sally, 11, stands in front with Jim

Top men on the Democratic side of the battle on Hartford's Capitol Hill are (left to right) Alfred F. Weschler, Senate majority leader; John P. Cotter, House minority leader; William T. Carroll, Lieutenant Governor; John Bailey, chairman Democratic State Central Committee, and Bowles





The siren smell of fried chicken was wafted gently toward the huffy bricklayers. They froze with indecision. Then they surrendered completely and came inside the house

Man Over a Hot Stove

By ALFRED TOOMBS

Pop volunteered to do the vacation cooking for the family, and results were sometimes amazing. Take his "Poulet sans Sang-Froid," for instance

AND so I laid the apple pie down on the table, with all the reverent care of a valet handing the king his Sunday crown. The children watched in silent suspicion as I sliced it. But their expressions changed as they tasted it, gulped down the slender triangles I handed them, and quickly passed their plates for second helpings.

Within a few minutes this little creation, which had kept me in a hot kitchen for the greater part of the morning, had completely disappeared. I was wondering whether it had really been worth the trouble when my younger daughter looked up happily and said:

"Gee, Daddy, that was good! Can we have it every meal?"

It was one of those rare moments which every father remembers and cherishes—when he is a hero to his family. I had a few other such moments to look back upon. There was the time I hit a homer with the bases loaded at the Sunday-school picnic; there was the time I opened a pickle jar after my brother-in-law—the one who played football—had failed; and there was the time I turned in the alarm when the neighbor's house caught fire. Now I had done it again—by baking an apple pie.

Most fathers, having established their status at home by some brilliant stroke, have enough sense to quit while they're ahead. Brilliant successes at picnics, stubborn pickle jars and neighborhood fires come rarely, and the wise man doesn't push his luck.

Not so long ago I happened to be stuck with doing all the cooking for my three children—two girls and a boy. The apple pie was my first venture into the higher realms of the culinary art, and after my initial success the temptation to become their continuous, perpetual-motion hero was more than I could resist. I resolved to give my progeny a series of gustatory surprises three times daily.

In short, I set out to become the family Escoffier, thus associating myself with the late Monsieur Auguste Escoffier, the great French chef, whom I had once seen at a New York food fair years ago. In personal appearance we resembled each other, except for certain trifling differences like the 70-year discrepancy in our ages, and the inconsequential fact that I prefer a clean shave to the shaggy, handle-bar mustache which the kitchen maestro habitually wore. We were about the same build, and we had the same sharp-eyed intensity, as if inner fires were burning fiercely. We both wore our clothes with that hangdog insouciance which is often a sign of genius.

At the time I had availed myself of a cut-rate opportunity to purchase a copy of his famous cookbook, and when I volunteered to whip up the family's meals, it was still on my library shelf—the pages uncut, but waiting to yield to me all of the maestro's most precious secrets.

From these very pages I had unearthed the recipe for apple pie, hidden beneath M. Escoffier's mystic title *Tarte aux Pommes,* which I translated with the assistance of a French-English dictionary that was a relic of my college days.

M. Escoffier, I knew, had started his kitchen career at the age of thirteen. I was starting mine at the age of thirty-one. That was obviously significant; the same numbers, but arranged in a luckier combination in my case.

The Frenchman started from scratch, with not a single recipe in his pocket. He wound up 75 years later with 10,000 recipes jam-packing a fireproof

filing cabinet. I figured out that his average was only about 133 recipes a year; and if I stuck to my plan of concocting three new dishes a day, I would outstrip him within 10 brief, exciting years.

That's the way I looked at the future. In the months which have followed my innocently ambitious resolve, my not too nimble fingers have shaped hundreds of biscuits and peeled countless potatoes. I have kept up with my quota; I am gaining steadily on Escoffier's record.

I've come to know a skillet from a skewer and a hot dog from a hush puppy, that Southern cornmeal confection which, when tossed to a young hound-dog, keeps him quiet for a brief and happy period. As a subject of family conversation, nothing but the atom bomb inspires as much awe as my blue cheese soufflé or the Imperial coffee cake I occasionally bake on Sunday mornings.

Master Chef Ate Simple Food

Up to the present time my cooking has caused no recorded fatalities. I have eaten it myself—which is more than Escoffier could say, because he was a man of simple tastes, who never could stand the fancy dishes he prepared for others and always did his own eating at home, where the folks served him ordinary fare, like ham and eggs or corned beef and cabbage.

It didn't take me more than a week to go through that cookbook of his and size up the real stature of the man. He wasn't half so smart as he pretended to be. By using a lot of French words he could get away with murder. His specialty was making a fairly simple dish look so complicated that any ordinary cook would pass it right up.

I soon found out how to skip the verbiage and get down to fundamentals. In no time at all I was taking his most labyrinthine recipes and improving on them.

For a while I was a bit timid, but I kept gaining confidence. The first time I tried fried frogs' legs I turned out a dish that would have made Escoffier creep into a corner. My secret was substituting chives for his favorite garlic.

I moved from that to baked Alaska—and I'm here to tell the world that when anybody learns to put ice cream into a toaster, he's no kitchen amateur. My first roast turkey was an achievement, too; and I didn't need any of Escoffier's *pâté de fois gras* to make it ring the bell.

In a limited way, I'd recommend a fling at cookery for any man who finds life a bit dull. There's no way of telling when such knowledge is going to stand between you and something worse. Ouce I mastered the procedure for frying a chicken just in time to avoid being pressed into service as a bricklayer.

I began my career as an expert in fried chicken with one small broiler. Having fortified myself with a careful reading of everything Escoffier had to say on the subject, I threw the book back on the shelf and used my common sense. It was no trouble at all.

Half of the ingredients the Frenchman had mentioned I found I didn't need. Stuff like *sang-froid,* which he said it should be cooked with. I had a mighty nice-looking chicken, and I wasn't going to mess it all up with *sang-froid.*

So I just put it in the skillet and fried it, and when it was nice and brown, I took it and ate it myself—the children being away for the day.

When it was all neatly inside me, I got out the cookbook and read those fried chicken pages again. What a difficult job Escoffier had managed to make of it! Suddenly I realized that in simplifying his cooking procedure and omitting everything but the chicken, I had created a completely new recipe. It was an awesome feeling, like Balboa discovering the Pacific or like getting a peek at Darien.


Their expressions changed even as they swallowed the first crispy bite of pie

With new understanding I read the sorrowful words of Escoffier's preface: "Pity the chef who has had the felicity to turn out an original and skillful recipe—something entirely new in the world. He cannot claim the monopoly of his discovery. Painter, sculptor, writer and musician are protected by law. So are inventors. But the chef has no redress for plagiarism on his work; on the contrary people actually demand the recipe. He may have labored endless days to achieve it; he may have forfeited his recreation, spent sleepless nights and striven without a break over his masterpiece—only to find himself expected to convey the result of his studies to the first person who asks about it."

I decided Escoffier was a sap. Why should he tell everybody his secrets? As for me, I would tell nobody. The method by which I accomplished my miracle with fried chicken was nobody's else's business.

But I did take one leaf from Escoffier's book. I decided to give fancy French names to my original dishes. I looked through the French dictionary in search of a suitable name for my version of fried chicken. I wrote down several alternatives, such as *Coq Champs Élysées.* Finally I decided to give it a name which would reveal just a tantalizing corner of my secret: *Poulet sans Sang-Froid.*

I used the fried chicken to settle a labor dispute only a few days later. My father was spending week ends with us, puttering around the place. When he putters, he putters on a grand scale, and I looked up from my kitchen chores one Sunday to find he had opened up a hole in one side of the house. It was big enough for an elephant to walk through. He explained that he was going to bring bricklayers with him the following week end to build a chimney.

That week I spent most of my time battling the bugs that came in through the gaping hole in the wall and the birds that came in after the bugs. When Dad finally arrived with two bricklayers, I greeted them with joy.

But my happiness was short-lived. Dad informed me he had brought along a couple of chickens that I was to fry for the workmen's midday meal. This upset my plans because I had counted on spending the day with a new Escoffier recipe. Fried chicken was old stuff to me now, and there was no excitement in doing the same thing again.

I didn't get a chance to voice my complaint, however, because outside my kitchen window the workmen were voicing theirs. It seems that no foundation had been provided for their bricks; there should have been a nice broad basis of firm concrete to support the chimney. When Dad asked them why they couldn't put down some concrete, they were horrified. They were bricklayers, they said, not concrete men. They were very unhappy about the whole matter, and ready to go home.

If they've so much as fried an egg most men think that they're cooking experts

"Maybe we'll have to do this ourselves," Dad said to me. I shuddered.

During many summer vacations I had learned plumbing, carpentry, gardening and ditchdigging at my father's knee, but I had no experience in bricklaying, and neither did he. Nor did I have any urge to learn the trade at that late date. So I went out and contrived to pacify the bricklayers. They decided to get on with the job.

"We don't like to do it," said the head bricklayer, "and Heaven only knows what the result will be. But that's your worry, not ours."

Bricklaying Job Progressed Nicely

I returned to my chores, occasionally taking a glance outside to see how the work was going. Row after row of bricks was mounting in neat and regular arrangement, gradually closing up the hole in the house.

But about noon a noisy argument arose, with Dad on one side and the two bricklayers on the other. From the fragments that reached my ears I gathered that the workmen had laid a sufficient number of bricks to constitute a day's work. When a day's work is finished it is finished, they argued, and it is time to go home. Dad differed with their view—outspokenly.

The boss bricklayer put on a show of temperament that would have made Donald Duck seem as calm as a chess champion thinking out his second move. Both men began packing to leave the job, and I had visions of another week in a house plagued by bugs and birds.

I rushed to the stove and began preparing the two chickens. I turned the fire as high as I dared, and set up an electric fan which blew the smell of frying chicken right in the faces of the recalcitrant bricklayers.

Just as they were heading toward their car, I called out, "Dinner's ready!"

They wavered uncertainly. The electric fan wafted the fragrant aroma in their direction. There was a frozen moment of indecision before they surrendered completely and came inside.

The chicken was a golden brown, crisp and *(Continued on page 72)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

LOOIE Follows Me

By JOHN D. MAC DONALD



The Branton kids galloped into the yard. Kim dropped onto his knees and Cam gave Stoney a shove. Stoney went over hard

Stoney Wotnack was a tough city kid on his first visit to the country. He taught the Baker family that chivalry can take strange and violent forms

I REMEMBER that it promised to be a terrible summer. I had squeaked through the fifth grade and I was going to be eleven in July and I had hoped that on my eleventh birthday my parents would come to visit me at Camp Wahmbahmoo, bearing gifts.

It was our third year in the big house twelve miles from town. Dad called it "a nice commuting distance" in summer and "too rugged for a dog team" in winter.

One of the main reasons for my wanting to go to Wahmbahmoo was on account of the Branton twins, Kim and Cam, who lived a couple of hundred yards down the road. I knew that if they went for two months and I didn't go at all, they'd make my life miserable all winter yapping about the good old days at the camp. They were twelve years old, and Dad said he could never look at them without wondering when they'd be the right size for a harness and bit. The second reason was that if I stayed home all summer, Looie, the five-year-old kid sister, would tag around after me all day with her hand in her mouth. Her real name is Louella—but Looie suited her better when she was five.

The big discussion came in May. I was called into the living room and told to sit down. While Dad took off his glasses and stowed them in his coat pocket, I made a quick review of recent misdemeanors and couldn't decide which one to think up a defense for.

"Jimmy, your mother and I have been discussing the question of camp for you this summer," Dad announced.

I dropped defensive plans and went on the offensive. "I can hardly wait to go," I said.

Dad coughed and looked appealingly at Mother. "The fact of the matter is, Jimmy, we feel you're a little young. We think you should wait one more year."

Then they told me that I would have fun during the two weeks at the shore and I made a low-voiced comment about a hotel full of old ladies—and besides the Branton twins were going and I played with them and how did that make me too young?

And so after I lost the discussion, I had nothing to look forward to but mooching around our childless neighborhood all summer with the clop-clop of Looie's feet behind me. The folks had been pretty mysterious about something nice that was going to happen during the summer, but I had a heavy suspicion about anything they called "nice." They even called sending me to Syracuse to visit Aunt Kate "nice." And I was prepared to resist going to Aunt Kate's to my dying breath.

The mysterious "nice" thing arrived on the fifth of July. Its name was Johnny Wotnack and it came from New York City. It climbed out of Mrs. Turner's blue sedan and it stood in our driveway and stared suspiciously around at the big yard, the oaks, and the orchard on the hill behind the house.

Dad had stayed home from the office that day. He started out and so did I, but just as I got to the door, Mother grabbed my arm and hauled me back and said, "Now wait a minute, Jimmy. That little boy is going to stay with us for a few weeks. You are going to share everything with him. One of the social agencies tries to place city children in the country for the summer. And we agreed to take this boy in here for a while and make him feel at home. So you be nice to him. Understand?"

"Why did he come here?"

"For fresh air and sunshine and good food so he can be healthy."

"He looks plenty rugged to me."

Johnny Wotnack had a small black shiny suitcase. Dad spoke to Mrs. Turner and she waved to Mother and drove off. Dad picked up the suitcase and said, "Glad you could come, Johnny. This is my son, Jimmy. And his mother. And the little girl is Looie."

"Please to meet you," Johnny said politely enough. He was sort of thin, but his face had a seamed, grayish look like a midget I saw once at the side show. His hands were huge, with big blocky knuckles on them.

Johnny gave me one cool glance. "Hi, kid," he said.

"Hi," I said.

His hair was cropped short, and he wore blue jeans and a white sweat *(Continued on page 68)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ED GORDON

MOVIE MAKER *In a Hurry*

By DWIGHT WHITNEY

Hard-working, efficient producers like Jerry Wald hold the key to Hollywood's continued domination of the film world

IT WAS a few hours after the presentation of the 1948 Academy Awards. Two powerful studio heads, both unsuccessful contenders for the Thalberg Award for distinguished achievement in movie production, were rehashing the events of the evening at Romanoff's restaurant. One turned to the other. "Who is this Jerry Wald to be stealing our thunder?" he said, in effect. "I thought a man had to own a studio to win the Thalberg Award. Now they're handing it out to employees."

"Yes, I know," said the other morosely. "They say he steals all his ideas, too. I wouldn't have a man like that working for me if I could get him for $500 a week, would you?"

"No, I wouldn't," replied the first mogul. "Let's make a pact. We'll both agree not to hire him."

"Excuse me," said the second mogul, and arose from the table. Five minutes later he returned. As he sat down he whispered to his wife, "I couldn't get through to Jerry Wald because our host already had him on the telephone."

The man they were trying to hire is the happiest, best adjusted movie maker in Hollywood. While other producers are losing sleep over skidding box-office receipts and wondering how to turn out their accustomed epics on a strictly cut-rate basis, Wald is facing the future with the enthusiasm of a hungry man sitting down to a 10-course dinner. His specialty is turning out money-making movies in quantity, and often turning them out faster and better than anyone else.

Last month he was shooting six major productions at once, a prodigious feat, while having no less than 11 others in various stages of preparation for filming. To all his movies, good, bad or indifferent, he manages to impart a sort of breathless urgency and high cinematic polish which serve to elevate them above the general run. As in the case of Johnny Belinda last year, he frequently contrives to convert the most shamefully old-fashioned melodrama into the freshest hit of the season. If, as sometimes happens, his latest picture fails to turn out as well as he had hoped, Wald never worries. He always has half a dozen more coming along to take its place.

Approaching 38, Wald is a rotund, loquacious, good-natured man who likes to call people "Coach" and always seems to be in a hurry. He operates on the theory that if a man has a sufficient number of ideas working for him at once, one of them must surely pay off. In this connection he has developed a storytelling and selling technique which is second to none in the industry. He thinks so rapidly that his tongue often has difficulty keeping up.

Yet it takes a strong man to *(Continued on page 52)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHIL STERN



Wald poses with a pile of bound manuscripts representing movies in which he's had a direct hand



SKID ROW-U.S.A.

By WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

Philadelphia has its jungle, too. But whatever the city, Skid Row marks the end of the road for its untold thousands of despairing Americans

Perhaps you'll recognize one of your old friends or schoolmates on this tour through the jungles of our cities. Skid Row is an open jail for men whose only crime may be poverty or loneliness

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

I HAVE just traveled 8,000 miles, groping my way through the missions, saloons and flophouses of a dark and sometimes dank jungle known as Skid Row. I saw thousands of men, most of them drunk, half of them dirty, and all of them beaten by life. I talked, drank, ate and sang hymns with them. I had some small adventures, too, which aren't very important. What might be important, though, is that I probably met someone you have known.

If you went to Purdue, Villanova, the Haskell School for Indians, or to Heidelberg in Germany, it may be that I crossed paths with an old classmate of yours. Or, if you are a doctor of medicine with a wide acquaintanceship, it is possible my roommate in Kansas City counted you a friend. He and I shared a six-by-four chamber with a crate full of chickens.

If you are a pampered hambone living in Hollywood, come along with me; step into your chartreuse convertible, drive down to Fifth Street in Los Angeles and park outside the blood bank. Sooner or later you'll see him, and perhaps recognize him. He gets $4 a pint for his blood, a sum which is immediately translatable into a couple of gallons of muscatel.

Are you a member in good standing of the Officers' Club? Then, try Congress Avenue in Houston. You may recognize the man I saw there. He was a lieutenant colonel, up from the ranks, sir. Or check Clark Street in Chicago for a West Pointer, or Howard Street in San Francisco for an Annapolis man.

Did you know a linguist? Scout the Madison Street jungle in Chicago. Because a derelict there surprised a cop by speaking to him in Gaelic. An assistant state's attorney got Italian from him. Later he lapsed into Chinese. A Greek lawyer, called in, said his Greek was good. "Sure, he could get by," the lawyer explained. "You see, he doesn't

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LAWRENCE S. WILLIAMS

speak modern Greek much. Just classical Greek."

This man won't be hard to find. He's a Negro.

I traveled 8,000 miles before I met somebody I knew myself. I ran into a schoolmate on the corner of Stanton Street and the Bowery in New York at seven fifty one morning. (A saloon on Stanton Street hands out "coffee and" each morning when the doors are opened at 8:00 A.M.) My old schoolmate was waiting. He laughed when he saw me and said, "You're getting fat. You drink too much beer." Meeting him cost me $5.

I started this tour of Skid Row in Chicago where I met Captain Joseph Graney of the Desplaines Street Police Station. The captain made me a little bet.

"If you're going all over the country to look at Skid Row I'll lay you 15 to 5 you meet an old friend," he predicted. "And I'll tell you something else. You'll meet guys who talk better than you, think better than you, and dress better than you. But you just won't meet anybody as lucky as you."

The captain was right on all counts.

Alcohol: the Cause or the Result?

Skid Row is the end of the road for thousands of Americans. It is a jungle of crumbling tenements, twisted shacks and filthy alleys. It is an open jail for men who are guilty of no greater crime than being poor, or not getting along with their wives, or just being lonesome. Sure, many drink, but no man can honestly say whether alcohol is the cause or the result of their hopelessness.

Skid Rows are at their gaudiest in big cities, but if there are 5,000 or more people in your town, chances are you have a Skid Row of sorts. You think not? How about that part of the city where the ne'er-do-wells gather—a couple of drunks, the old panhandler, the shiftless handy man, the fellow who never amounted to much after the war (pick your own war) and the village idiot? That's Skid Row.

If you live in a big city you know the place. In New York it's the Bowery, biggest and cruelest of them all. Chicago has two small Rows plus blood-stained Madison Street. There is also Howard Street in gracious San Francisco, the dirtiest, drinkingest and most depressing thoroughfare in the land. In Los Angeles it's Fifth Street off South Main where the bartenders direct you to the nearest blood bank when you run out of money and need some quick cash.

Proud and booming Houston has its Congress Avenue where the bums try to talk like Gene Autry, try to look like him, and never spill a grain of tobacco as they roll their own with quivering hands. In Kansas City the flophouses on Main Street and the tin-can shacks on the banks of the Missouri have at one time or another housed a great Middle Western brain surgeon, a millionaire's son, a farm equipment engineer who was the best man in his business, and wonder of wonders, Missouri's leading madam.

Dungarees or blue jeans are the traditional uniform of Skid Row, but a neatly dressed man excites no interest. He can be a sight-seer, a businessman off on a bender, or one of the highly prosperous gentlemen who run the saloons, flophouses, barber colleges, pawnshops or two-bit movie houses that infest the jungle.

The saloons sell 10-cent gin at a profit. Barber colleges are numerous because there are always plenty of men in the neighborhood who are willing to shed a few drops of blood in return for a free shave. The two-bit movie houses provide a comfortable place to sleep despite the endless gunfire exploding from the sound tracks of the old Westerns that are Skid Row's customary cinema fare.

I spent a month on the Skid Rows of the nation and visited all these exotic hangouts of the unlucky and the unwary. I also visited a quiet old building on Hillhouse Avenue in New Haven, Connecticut. In it work some of the brilliant and consecrated men who are devoting their lives to studying alcoholism. If anything is to be done for Skid Row bums, the whys and wherefores of drunkenness must first be understood. The men at the Yale Plan Clinic are trying.



Many flophouses are patent firetraps. Average cost for use of a dormitory cot overnight is a quarter

To the vast majority of people liquor is a refreshment, a part of good and congenial living. And wine, always more exotic than the hard stuff, recalls the warmth, the richness and the good taste suggested by its historic use in religious ceremony.

That's what alcohol, generally, means to most of us. But to the 90 per cent of the Skid Row population who are chronic drunks, alcohol—in any form—is the be-all and end-all of their sordid existence. It is pursued as other men seek fame, fortune or the third blonde from the end.

The other 10 per cent live there for financial reasons, usually because their earnings or their pensions permit nothing better. Some are ducking alimony payments or more serious complications. Others simply are misers. Many old-timers eke out their last days in fleabags because they can find companionship there without the regimentation to be faced in the Old Folks Home.

But the typical Skid Row bum will drink anything. Three Chicago policemen, planted inside a stolen automobile in a garage, watched one bum tap an engine and then lie on his back to catch the spouting antifreeze alcohol. Rubbing alcohol and other forms distilled from wood are diluted or "cut" to make "smoke," a universal Skid Row drink.

Bay rum, hair tonic and canned heat are also widely used. The solid canned heat is reduced to liquid by putting it in a piece of thin cloth and then squeezing it. The resulting poison is known among the *cognoscenti* as a "Pink Lady."

Death or blindness is the frequent end result of this kind of drinking. As a minor note in a major tragedy, "smoke," "Pink Ladies" and the like do not produce the sense of well-being common to accepted alcoholic drinks. They merely numb, render unconscious and perhaps bring on death.

An oft-used drink along Skid Row, however, is wine. Fortified wines. They *(Continued on page 60)*

The Legal Bride

By ROBERT CARSON

The Story: The first law case she had ever handled led ABIGAIL JANE FURNIVAL into a series of dizzying adventures and the first romance of her prim young life. Her client was BEN CASTLE, a cowboy movie star and Hollywood playboy, with whom Abigail fell in love against her better judgment. She flew to Las Vegas with Ben, in an effort to settle a gambling debt the cowboy owed to HARRY KALLEN, a night-club owner with underworld connections. Kallen threatened violence against Ben unless the debt was paid. Ben persuaded Abigail to marry him in a quickly arranged ceremony. JACK HALL, a young aviator who loved Abigail and regarded the cowboy as a wastrel, acted as best man. Later, Kallen told Abigail he would take no action against Ben as long as they stayed happily married. Abigail realized that Ben and his business manager, MR. GRAVES, had counted on Kallen's having kind feelings toward her because the gambler had once been saved from a jail sentence by Abigail's father, the late Vincent Furnival. Furious at the deception, she refused to live with Ben when they returned to Beverly Hills; but fearing that Kallen might learn that they were separated, she agreed to stay at the cowboy's home on a platonic basis. She demanded that he reform his reckless way of life; and she made friends with his servants, NACIO and MRS. GEORGE B. HARMONY. While posing for publicity pictures with Ben, Abigail met JAKE HARRIS, publicity man for Allied-Apex Studios, headed by OTTO FRANCIS BIRGIN. Abigail was still deeply in love with the cowboy, but when he tried to make love to her she realized that Ben was still offering only a playboy's love. She fled the Bel Air home and drove away to the apartment she had once shared with a beautician named ALICE NORMAN.

PART FIVE OF SIX PARTS

THE clock on the car dashboard registered the hour of nine, and she reflected that never had so much happened to so few in so short a time. A reassuring light burned in the window on South Reeves Drive. It was ever so much humbler than Altamont Road, but there was no place like home. Abigail was momentarily blinded by a mist of tears. Shaking her head impatiently, she deposited her bags on the doorstep and returned to the car to stagger under the load of the carton of lawbooks. Once that was safely with the rest of the luggage, she opened the door with her key. The front room happened to be occupied, and she had to pause on the threshold.

A young man in a neat blue suit was seated in the best armchair. In his lap was Alice, hugging him tightly. The clinch was broken hastily. Alice's vis-à-vis stood up beside her, putting on his thick-rimmed tortoise-shell spectacles, the kind that clamped behind his ears instead of hooking over them. He was slim and blond, with a narrow, studious face.

"I hope I'm not intruding," Abigail said.

"I beg your pardon," Alice said, rather coldly. "Mrs. Castle, may I present Mr. Austin Tisdale? Mr. Tisdale is assistant cashier of the Beverly Hills branch of the Forty-niner Bank & Trust Company, and we recently discovered mutual interests while discussing one of my overdrafts."

"A great pleasure, I assure you," Abigail said. She made what she hoped was a casual gesture. "Please don't mind me. Go on with what—whatever you were doing. I'll just bring my luggage in—"

"Luggage?" Alice echoed.

Abigail scowled. "Yes, luggage! I've left my husband."

"My gosh!" Alice said. "Why? Tell your Aunt Alice."

"Because of what we both feared," Abigail said. "He made—uh—improper advances to me tonight."

"The dirty rat!" Alice exclaimed.

Austin Tisdale had been following their exchange with undivided attention. This time Alice noticed him.

"Mrs. Castle has been having trouble with her husband, Austin," she explained. "He's been trying to make love to her."

Tisdale clucked sympathetically and shook his head. Then he stared at the women, and his jaw dropped.

"Don't let me make a nuisance of myself," Abigail said. "My luggage is right here on the doorstep and I'll hurry."

"Nonsense," Alice said. "You must sit down and try to be calm. Austin, bring her stuff in for her. Put it in the bedroom."

She tenderly removed Abigail's coat, led her to the chair lately vacated by Tisdale, and knelt at her feet and held her hands. Tisdale began the disposal of the luggage.

"A.J.," Alice said, "forgive my first surprise and displeasure. I am honored and relieved that you have come home to my protection. My shoulder is available for your tears."

"I don't want to cry," Abigail said. "I'm so damned sore and humiliated that I can't see straight. My task is to forget life and begin anew."

Tisdale came back and stood watching them. He continued to have trouble with a slack jaw.

"You have made me the happiest woman in the world," Alice said. "Frankly, I feared you had succumbed to the cowboy. I thought the atmosphere of moonlight and roses would knock you cold. Now I realize that you are too fine a type ever to let some lousy husband romance you. A.J., this is a proud night for me."

"Do not fear," Abigail assured her. "He won't lay a hand on me, come what may." She rose and smiled sadly. "But enough of my little tempest in a teacup. The rest is silence. Go out and have your fun, you two. Forget about me."

"Don't say that," Alice protested. "We'll stick with her, won't we, Austin?"

"Yes," Tisdale said.

"We won't let her door go unguarded tonight, will we?" Alice said.

"No," Tisdale said.

Abigail went in the bedroom, locked the door, sat on her own bed, and smoked a cigarette. She determined not to consider the intricacies of her love life.

Suddenly she remembered that she would need a job. She decided to call her father's old friend, Mr. Calhoun, who had promised her a job as a clerk, though he spurned her services as a lawyer.

Alice was back in Austin Tisdale's lap, and Abigail coughed warningly. They got up. Tisdale put on his glasses.

"Excuse me," Abigail said. "I simply have to make an important telephone call."

"Austin, comb your hair," Alice said. "It's mussed."

"Oh," Tisdale said.

Abigail rang Harrison F. Calhoun at his home number. He answered in person.

"This is Abigail Furnival," Abigail said. "I regret bothering you—"

"You mean Mrs. Ben Castle," Calhoun replied heartily, "and you're not bothering me. I saw your picture in the newspaper, Abigail, and I must say I never realized how well you look in a bathing suit. You have a delightful figure, my dear. No wonder that cowboy was enchanted."

"Yes," Abigail said. "Thank you very much. Listen, Mr. Calhoun, is that job in your office still open? I want it."

"What?" Calhoun said.

"Circumstances have altered," Abigail said, "and I am again alone in the world and have to earn a living. Will you take me on?"

"Why, yes," Calhoun said.

"I hope I haven't put you to any trouble," Abigail said.

"None whatever," Calhoun said in accents of pity. "Oh, you poor kid! How soon you have discovered the worm in the apple! Other women?"

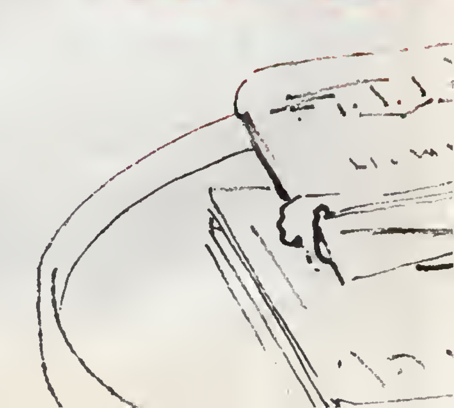
"Not other women," Abigail said. "Me. He kept making passes—" She looked up, gazed into two pairs of absorbed eyes belonging to Austin Tisdale and Aunt Alice, and had to stop and moisten her lips. "I'll explain another time, Mr. Calhoun. When shall I report for work?"

"Monday morning at eight thirty," Calhoun said. "Simpson & Calhoun will stand by you, Abigail. We'll bring that fellow before the bar of justice, don't you fear. I promise you old man Simpson will handle the divorce personally."

"Yes, yes," Abigail said hurriedly. "Good night, Mr. Calhoun. Thank you." She hung up.

"I hate to see you throw *(Continued on page 32)*

Abigail crossed unwillingly and placed herself on Ben's knees. He peered around her to grin at Kallen. "This is the most wonderful experience of my life," she said



ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY



CONTINUING THE HILARIOUS LOVE STORY
OF A MAN-SHY LADY LAWYER AND A MOVIE
COWBOY WHO WASN'T SHY OF ANYTHING



"Say, Persky," Howie said, "I bet you never thought you'd be serving beer to a Marksman"

The Marksman

By ROLAND A. MARTONE

Collier's SHORT SHORT

WHEN two guys have been through what Howie and Persky went through together, there's a kind of bond between them that's pretty hard to break down. Sure, the passing of time dims the memories of specific events—whether it was Howie's grenade that got the three Japs in that cave, or Persky's. Both won the Silver Star in some pretty stiff action, but it won't be long before they won't know who got his medal first—or why. Already they can't agree on whether they took Aslito Airfield on Saipan in one week or two. Time gets warped after it's passed. But the bond stays strong.

They'll protect the bond, too. Howie and Persky are very different from each other in temperament; they might not protect each other any more—not in the same way they used to when there was death in the air—but they'll protect the bond. Whether they do it knowingly or instinctively doesn't matter. Each will come up with the protection when it's needed.

I saw it happen. I saw the bond protected the other day when Howie and I were killing some time at Persky's place and a G.I. walked in.

There were a lot of empty stools at Persky's bar on the day the kid came in, but the young G.I. hesitated before he stepped up to one as though he weren't sure which stool he wanted to sit on.

For about a minute, he looked at the brand names stuck on the mirror, as if he had to think about his choice. But when he opened his mouth, all he said was, "Beer."

The kid took a sip or two. Then he put his glass down to loosen his tie—and from where Howie and I were sitting around the bend of the bar, we couldn't help noticing the dangling medal.

"What ya got there, soldier?" Howie asked him. "The Croy de Gwere?"

The kid jerked his head around quickly, as though Howie's voice had startled him.

"Naw," he said. "Naw. It's just a Marksman's badge." He didn't sound like anything. Just flat.

There was an awkward pause, as if everybody was waiting for the kid to keep explaining.

"We was shooting out on the rifle range last month. I hit the target enough times to get a Marksman's score. That ain't *too* good."

Howie whistled. "Marksman, huh? Was it tough?"

The G.I. pulled at his beer. "Naw. I already told you it wasn't such a hot rating. Sharpshooter and Expert—they're the best ratings. I didn't even come close to them." He was on the defensive.

I tried to think what ratings Persky or Howie had made on the target ranges, but I couldn't remember.

"Say, Persky," Howie said across the bar. "I bet you never thought you'd be serving beer to a Marksman today, did ya?"

Persky was wiping glasses. He threw a dirty look at Howie that just about said: "Lay off the kid!"—but Howie didn't catch it. He was turned sideways, facing the G.I.

"Boy, I bet you could of done a job on a bunch of Japs." Howie leaned forward and puckered his forehead, as if he were really interested in the kid's Army life. "I bet you could of hit them coming through a sugar-cane field, for instance, and never hit a single sugar cane. I bet them Japs would know they were up against a real Marksman."

"I never was in any sugar-cane field with any Japs," the kid admitted quickly. "I never was outside the U.S.A. Maybe you was in a cane field. Maybe you know about that kind of shooting."

Howie ignored the question in the G.I.'s voice. He shifted the talk right back into this country.

"Tell me, fella," he said, "do they treat you pretty bad? I bet you don't get a helluva lot to eat in them Army camps nowadays, huh? They take it from you and send it over to Europe, huh?"

"He already said he never was out of the U.S.A.," Persky reminded Howie. "What's he supposed to know about Europe?"

The kid looked a little strained in the face. He wasn't sure whether Persky's butting in would help the conversation any.

"Look," he said. "I got my worries about Army life, see? If you wanna know what they are, why don't ya join up yourself?" The G.I. clipped off his words. As soon as he said them, he looked like he wished he'd kept his mouth shut.

HOWIE ignored the G.I.'s question completely. "Tell-ll me, kid! Tell-ll me," he was using a soft, soothing voice. "You can tell me, I understand. It's really tough, huh?"

"Maybe he ain't got anything to tell," Persky interrupted.

Again the kid didn't know whether to be grateful for a crack like that. But still, Persky was checkmating Howie's line of talk with every interruption.

Howie got up from his stool and started moving toward the door marked "Mr." As he passed behind the kid, he gave Persky a wink.

"Excuse me a minute, soldier," Howie said very politely. "Make yourself comfortable, and when I come back, you can tell me all about it."

"That's the second one today," the kid said.

Persky looked up.

"I know this is 1949 and the shooting stopped a long time ago," the kid's voice went on, sounding very young and high now. "This guy keeps asking me about the Army. How do I know what to tell him? F'rall I know he coulda been in the Army a month overseas for every day I been in uniform—"

Persky cleared his throat to speak, but the G.I. went on: "And maybe he never seen a single minute in the Army. How do I know? '*Tell* me about it—it's tough, eh?' " the kid mimicked. "That makes twice today!" he repeated. "Twice!"

Persky put down the wiping cloth.

"Look, kid," he said. "People come in here on weekdays, they feel like they gotta talk to anybody else who comes in—and talking sometimes makes trouble. Why don't you drink up now, before he gets back, huh? No use hanging around just to get into an argument."

"You're right," the kid said. He said it right on the heels of Persky's little speech, as though he had been waiting for it all along. He had been hunched over the bar, and when he finished his beer and got up, he was still hunched up. That Marksman's medal seemed to be weighing him down. Persky looked like he wanted to say something else. And just as the kid was stepping away from the stool, Persky said it.

"That guy in there," he nodded toward the "Mr." door. "That guy never left the States. He worked at the Brooklyn Navy Yard right through World War II. Used to cash his checks in here."

I didn't say a word. It was then that I realized about the bond. Persky couldn't let Howie hurt this kid without having it grow a little weaker.

The G.I. hiked up his shoulders to pull his loose blouse into a better drape over his chest, and it made the Marksman's medal swing, wide and free.

"So long," he said. Loud—as though he hoped Howie would hear him and realize his leaving was not a retreat.

Persky started to fumble for a glass under the bar. But he looked up once more.

"Good luck, kid," he said. He said it softly, and with no malice. Not at all as if he were talking to a kid who had made him tell one of the worst lies a guy like Persky could ever hope to tell. THE END

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The Legal Bride

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

in the sponge," Alice commented, "but maybe you know best."

"The rest, as I think I previously remarked, is silence," Abigail said. "This is the last you will hear from me. Good night."

FOR a long while, Abigail lay staring up at the ceiling with wide eyes. She leaped when the doorbell sounded, and waited for Alice's discreet rap on the door. It came. Rising resignedly, she walked to the door and unlocked it.

"You shouldn't sleep in your underwear, A.J.," Alice said, as she entered. "It isn't ladylike."

"You mind your own business," Abigail retorted.

Alice looked at her somberly. "Listen, why should you get so irritable? What about poor old Austin and me? He came by for a quiet evening of discussion of modern banking practices, and I have to keep getting up from his lap to handle your business."

"Who is it?"

"A guy that calls me 'Aunt Alice.' He says he is named Jack Hall."

"Oh, dear. He's the man who flew us up to Las Vegas."

"A character whose hair stands on end. He's out in the other room with Austin, a newspaper in his mitt, beefing because you went back to your husband."

"Oh, dear!" Abigail said. "I'd better talk to him. He knows about Kallen."

"About who?"

Abigail moved guiltily away from her. "Never mind. That was only a slip of the tongue."

"Slip of the tongue, indeed!" Alice said. "A.J. Furnival Castle, there is an odor of herring beginning to come from you. You're holding out on me, and you seem to be getting in awfully deep. I want an explanation."

"Later," Abigail said, and opened the bedroom door.

Jack Hall was standing in the front room looking narrowly at Tisdale, a newspaper wadded in one jacket pocket. Abigail hurtled across to him, grasped his hand, and spoke with desperate gaiety.

"What a pleasant surprise, Jack!" she said. "How sweet of you to drop by."

"You don't know what this does for me, A.J.," Hall said. "The sight of you here, I mean. I thought you were living up on the hill with that alcoholic."

"Do sit down," Abigail said. "Have a cigarette. You know Austin, don't you?"

"Yes, we—" Tisdale began.

"I had to make a round trip to San Francisco today," Hall said, "and when I got back I bought a newspaper at the airport. There you were in a bathing suit, sitting at the feet of the cowboy. It floored me—I thought my eyes were going. I couldn't eat any dinner. I decided the minute there was a chance to break away, I'd look up Aunt Alice and discuss it with her."

"Pardon me, pal," Alice said. "My name is Alice, and I'm not anybody's aunt. Let's keep that in mind, shall we?"

"Why did you do it?" Hall said pleadingly. "Did you go back because you were sorry for him?"

"Aunt Alice," Abigail said, "shouldn't we make these men some tea and toast? Don't you suppose they're hungry?"

"Alice, damn it!" Alice said.

"Surely you're not interested in getting anything from him," Hall said. "You're not mercenary, I know. And you can't love him after what happened."

"I think Mrs. Castle and Mr. Hall would appreciate being alone," Tisdale said quickly. "I believe I'd better run along, Aunt—I mean, Alice."

"No, no," Abigail said. "Please don't go, Austin. Any friend of Alice's is a friend of ours." She turned to Hall and raised her arms appealingly. "Jack, you mustn't give my situation another thought. I appreciate your generosity, but I don't need help. The incident is closed. There's nothing to tell. I returned to Ben for—for the sake of appearances, and he got fresh."

"The lousy bum!" Hall ejaculated.

"I repulsed him," Abigail said, "and we parted forever. That's all there is to it."

"Well, I'm glad you're out of his clutches," Hall said. "No girl is safe up there with that guy, married to him or not."

The doorbell rang. "Another customer," said Alice bitterly, as she went to answer it. She admitted Jake Harris. He was in an elevated state, and rapidly fever. Think of the shame of it as far as you are concerned. He's a war hero."

"I was in the war," Hall said. "So were about ten million other guys."

"He's got a Silver Star," Jake said. "What have you got besides a lousy barber?"

"Look out, Austin!" Alice said. "They are going to start sparring!"

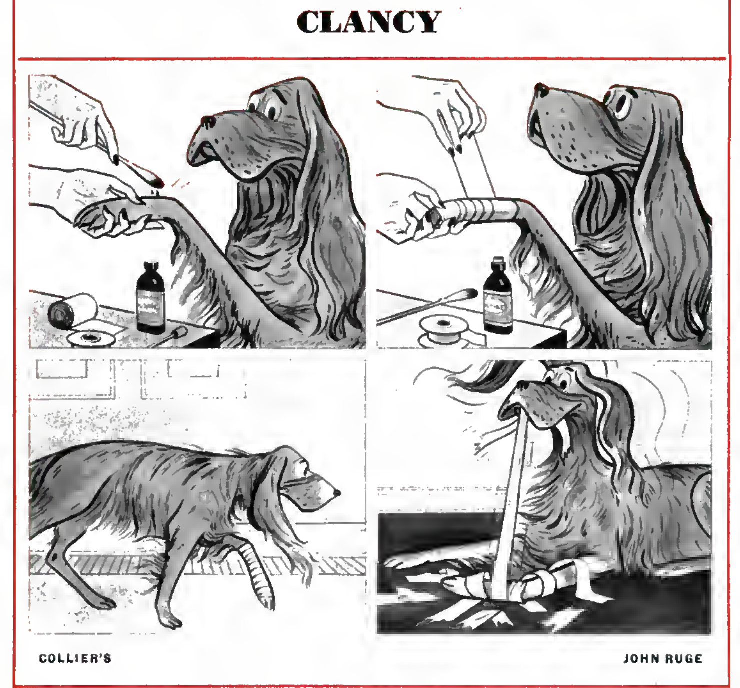
The doorbell rang. Before Alice could answer it, Ben entered unaided. He was wearing his cowboy jacket, the big hat rode on the back of his head, and his expression was dour. Abigail gave her errant heart ten demerits for leaping like a stranded fish at the sight of him.

"Who's in charge here?" Ben said.

"I guess I am," Abigail said.

"A.J.," Ben said, "I made a terrible mistake with you tonight. I figured as I craftily sought to seduce you—"

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

surveyed the tense group until his eyes lighted upon Abigail.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "Caucusing? Listen, A.J.—"

"May I inquire who you are?" Alice said.

"Not now, baby," Jake said. "A.J., our boy is on the rocks and meditating terrible things. You've got to come home."

"Not a chance, brother," Hall said.

"Jake, I want to introduce you to our little group," Abigail said, in trembling accents. "This is Aunt—"

Jake was looking at Hall. "This kid with a stir haircut," he said; "is he your lawyer, darling?"

"No," Abigail said. "He—"

"I've lost interest," Jake said. He stepped up to Abigail and seized her wrist. "A.J., the cowboy is dying on the vine for you. He says all is lost unless you rejoin him in Bel Air. Don't hang on here nourishing childish grudges."

"Is he bothering you, A.J.?" Hall said, coming between them. "Shall I bounce him?"

"This guy's coiffure has gone to his head," Jake said.

"No, please, Jack," Abigail said. "He's a friend. No assault. No battery."

"Abby," Jake said, "lend me your ear. The Westerner is trying to wake up some travel agent and get routed to Africa. He wants to die in a remote village of jungle

"Just a minute, cowboy!" Hall said.

"Nothing gets by the Haircut," Jake commented.

"Maybe it's none of my business," Hall said, "but you are speaking of your wife."

"I beg your pardon, A.J.," Ben said. "I forgot we were married. As I was saying—and this comes from the heart—"

"It's no use, Ben," Jake said. "I've done the best I could, as you asked."

BEN stood and looked at Abigail, and his eyes seemed strange and dazed. The spectators waited uneasily.

"I can only add," Jake said, "that Mr. Otto Francis Birgin is going to raise hell and put a block under it when he learns the cowboy has once more been loosed on suffering humanity. But don't let that influence you unduly."

"He tellin' the truth, little gal?" Ben asked gravely.

"Uh—yes," Abigail said. "I am formally tendering my resignation as Mrs. Castle. Tomorrow, in order to—to clear up any difficulties, I may read a prepared statement."

"Our trouble can be cleared up in exactly two words," Ben said. "I'll have to say them privately, however. Will you listen to them, little gal?"

"Don't do it, A.J.," Hall said.

"Aw, pipe down, Haircut," Alice said.

"Only two words?" Abigail said.

"No more, no less," Ben said.

"All right," Abigail said. "I'll hear them. Come in the bedroom—the kitchen rather—with me, cowboy."

He followed her into the kitchen, and she closed the door. "Two words, remember," she said.

He nodded. "Harry Kallen."

Abigail put her hand to her throat. She was having her old trouble: Alive, the cowboy was insufferable, but the thought of him dead was impossible.

"You may proceed," she said.

"He called tonight after you left," Ben explained, "and said he was in from Nevada for the week end. He said he wanted to come by in the morning and see me."

"I dislike you very much," Abigail said, knowing she was only postponing the inevitable. "We're finished, cowboy. The question is: Do I dislike you enough to see you filled full of lead?"

"That's a good question," Ben said approvingly. "I'm glad you brought it up."

"I am prepared to answer the question without equivocation," Abigail said. "The answer is no. I will return to your board, at least temporarily."

She led him to the bedroom, and struggled into her coat. He didn't offer to help her. She indicated the make-up case, suitcase and carton.

"There are my earthly possessions," she said. "I'll carry the bags, they're the lightest. You take the carton."

"You'll never have to lift a hand again, A.J.," Ben said, picking up the bags, "except possibly against me. We'll find somebody in that crowd in the other room to assist us."

THE same assemblage awaited them breathlessly. Austin Tisdale had his hand on the doorknob, but he seemed reluctant to leave until the third act curtain had finally fallen. Mr. and Mrs. Castle's entrance created a sensation. All eyes fell upon the bags Ben was carrying, and Jack Hall swore.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Abigail said, "circumstances beyond my control force me to return to my husband. I regret I can offer no further explanation. Thank you for your kind attention, and good night."

"Podnuh," Ben said to Austin Tisdale, "you look as if you're leaving anyway, so would you mind helping us with my wife's cardboard carton? It's in the bedroom."

"Why—no," Tisdale said. "Glad to be of assistance."

Events became disordered. Tisdale disappeared in the bedroom and came tottering out with the carton. Ben set the bags down and walked over to Jack Hall, who was kicking at an ottoman.

"Look here, Fly Boy," Ben said to Hall. "I don't know how you happened to be on hand tonight, but I can guess. Hereafter, I want you to stay away from Abigail, see? Or else."

"Yeah?" Hall said. "What claim have you got besides some phony trick you must have pulled on her?"

Abigail freed herself from Alice and rushed across to them. "Boys," she said, "no breaches of the peace."

"For two cents—" Hall said.

Abigail received reinforcements. "And don't you damage Otto Francis Birgin's property!" Jake said.

"Jack," Abigail said, "I'm going back to my husband. That's all there is to it."

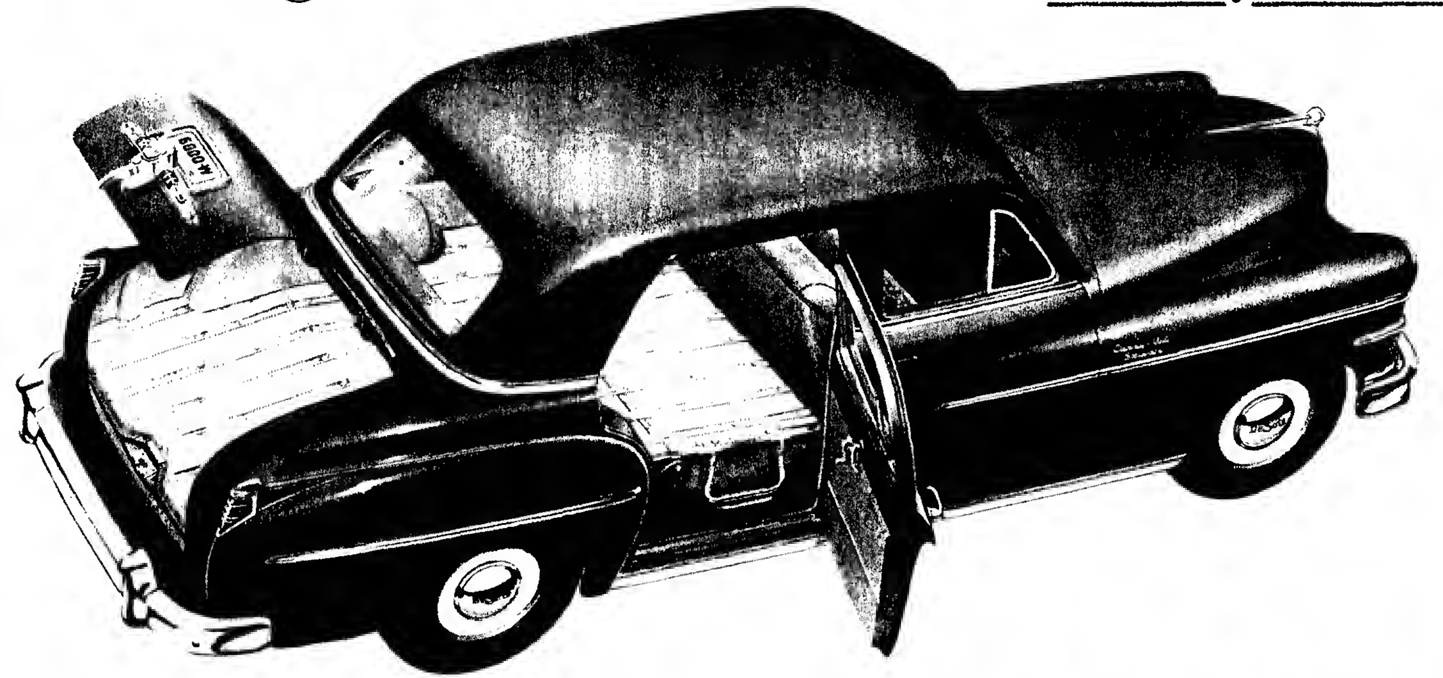
"But you don't love him!" Hall protested.

"He revolts me," Abigail said. "That's beside the point."

"He's a wolf," Hall said. "You admitted yourself he was making passes."

"I'll fend him off," Abigail promised, her voice deepening. "He'll never get

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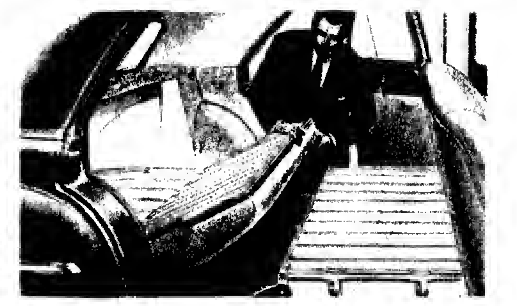
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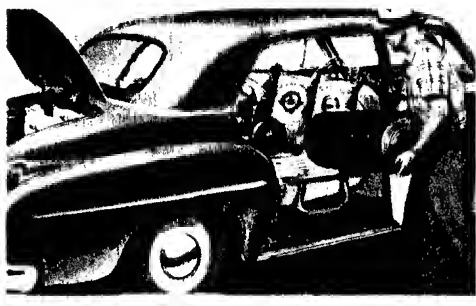
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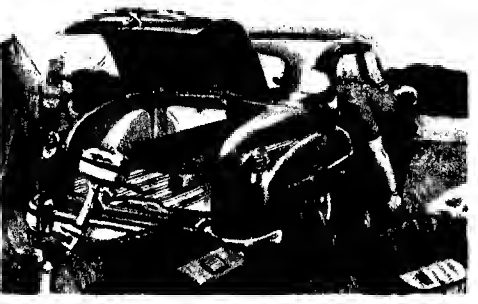
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any place with me. And you've got to forget me, Jack. Let me die in your heart —think of me simply as a girl who has gone West—unwillingly, with a Westerner."

"This kid has more acting talent than the cowboy," Jake said admiringly.

"Okay, you angel," Hall said. "I'm yours to command. But I won't forget."

He shouldered past Jake and headed for the door. Austin Tisdale and the carton were in his way. He shoved them aside and went out.

"I hope this will be a lesson," Ben said, "to all men who fool around with other men's wives." A general exodus started. Ben took Abigail's arm, and she firmly disengaged herself.

"Don't touch me," she said. "I'm going in my own car. A state of siege will prevail at your house."

They gathered at the curb beside Abigail's car. Austin Tisdale took care of the loading. Ben stooped and kissed Alice on the cheek, and she blushed and giggled eerily.

"*Adios*, Aunt Alice," he said. "You've been a real good friend to my little gal and myself. I won't be forgittin' it soon, and if you ever need a horse or a Winchester or a divided skirt, you send me a letter by the stagecoach and I'll take care of you."

"I'm leaving," Abigail said, and she jumped into her car. "My stomach is getting upset. Good night,'all."

ABIGAIL awakened in the morning to the now familiar sound of knuckles on wood. She flopped irritably in the bed and removed the covers from her face.

"It's Harmony, Mrs. Castle," a voice said.

Trudging wearily to the door, Abigail turned the key and removed the chair which was wedged under the knob. Mrs. George B. Harmony looked in, clad in fresh starched white.

"The cowboy—Mr. Castle," Harmony said, "is downstairs fixing breakfast with his own hands. He said I was to notify you that breakfast is served in this house at eight thirty and no breakfast is served in the room."

"Oh," Abigail said. "Right you are. I'll have to hustle into my clothes and make an appearance."

Abigail went downstairs. Harmony was setting the table on the terrace, and Ben was holding forth at the barbecue. He was freshly shaven, wore slacks, a silk sport shirt and a gingham apron, and had a chef's tall cap perched on his head. He worked that slow, paralyzing grin at the first sight of her. She managed to repress an answering twitch of her own lips.

"Did you rest well?"

"Perfectly," Abigail said. "What do we have for breakfast?"

"Ordinary cow-poke's grub," Ben said, "chuck-wagon style. English muffins, smoked turkey breast fried in an egg batter, and creamed chip beef on toast. Simply make your selection."

They sat down, and Nacio served them. Abigail ate too much and grew sleepy in the sunlight, and felt herself being lulled into a false sense of security. She was given the choicest parts of the thick Sunday paper, plied with scented Turkish cigarettes, and urged to have more coffee. An uneasy, wistful sense of content stole over her.

To shake it off, she went in the library and broodingly examined the funnies, not smiling once. Ben followed her presently, and launched into a speech at once.

"Little gal," he began, "I—"

"Stop calling me 'little gal!'" Abigail snapped.

"A.J.," Ben said, "as I forced my attentions upon you last night, my original plans were dishonorable and ungentlemanly. However, something happened and I realized it too late. I—"

"You're darned right something happened," Abigail interrupted. "Your conscience came out from under the anesthesia for the first time in years and spoiled your aim. That's all."

"On the contrary," Ben said, "my conscience was out cold as ever. Instead, my old, scarred bosom was pierced by an arrow shot from a bow in the hands of a little fellow named—"

"Ben!" Abigail said. "Surely you're not going to try *that* again? Do you want me to run screaming from the house?"

"Listen, Abigail," Ben replied, "I'm completely on the level. I've never been the same since you sat beside me at the pool in that Girls' Health Club bathing suit. You're the only lawyer I'll ever care for. You drive men mad after a time with that quiet, uninteresting manner of yours. Now I understand what's biting that half-witted aviator. Abigail, I love you—I don't care if you are my wife."

"Nothing can stop you, can it?" Abigail said. "But I'm telling you, cowboy, you can go too far. I'm willing to save

COLLIER'S "Nice to have somebody to talk to at breakfast" KATE OSANN

your life and not one thing more. So put up or shut up. Furthermore—" The doorbell rang, and she started violently.

Nacio rapped, disclosed himself and bowed. "Mr. Kallen," he announced.

"Oh—oh!" Ben said. "Nacio, show him into the parlor. Keep this door closed. We'll be along immediately."

They both got up. Both of them inhaled deeply. Ben grasped Abigail's hand.

"This is zero hour," he said, "and we must stand or fall by the impression we make. Remember to be affectionate, little gal."

"Remember not to get too fresh," Abigail told him fiercely.

THEY walked into the parlor swinging hands, smiling falsely. Kallen awaited them, his back to the fireplace, his hands in his pockets. He was wearing his dark blue suit and striped shirt and the diamond stickpin in the form of a horse's head, and his face was round and calmly expressionless. But Abigail perceived a change in him, though she was not immediately struck by it—a quality of fatigue and tension, an insecurity and haste which were partially reflected by the muddy whites of his oval black eyes and the pastiness underlying the blueness of his closely shaven jaws.

"The happy couple," he said. He did not remove his hands from his pockets.

"Hello, Mr. Kallen," Abigail said.

"Nice of you to come by, Harry," Ben said.

"This is quite a joint," Kallen said. He looked at Abigail. "You like it, Mrs. Castle?"

"Tremendously," Abigail said.

"We're so much in love," Ben said, "that we scarcely know where we are or what we're doing. . . . Isn't that right, Abby?"

"Yes," Abigail said.

Kallen ignored Ben. "You belong in this kind of a place," he said.

"Thank you."

"Sit down, Harry," Ben said.

"Sure." Kallen lowered himself into a chair, his back rigid.

Ben sat down and patted his lap for Abigail. "Do you mind if she sits on my lap?" he said, and grinned. "We're going through the silly stage."

"Why not?" Kallen said.

Abigail crossed unwillingly and placed herself on Ben's knees. An awkward silence followed. Ben encircled her waist with his arms and peered around her to grin at Kallen.

"This is the most wonderful experience of my life," Abigail said.

"Yeah," Kallen said. "It always is with women. Some of them have a wonderful experience several times."

"Uh—could I offer you a drink?" Ben said. "How about a glass of sherry?"

"No," Kallen replied, "but you go ahead, cowboy. I know you like it."

"I don't drink since I got married," Ben said. "We just keep a little sherry in the house for guests."

"Is that a fact?" Kallen said.

"Isn't that right, little gal?" Ben said.

"Absolutely," Abigail agreed. "You're as dry as an old bone." She tried to smile ingratiatingly at Kallen. "He calls me 'little gal.' Isn't that sweet?"

"Yeah," Kallen said. "What do you call him?"

"Why—why, I call him 'cowboy.'"

"It's a good name for him," Kallen said.

"We're so happy," Ben said. "Aren't we, little gal? Give me a kiss, little gal."

"Not in front of Mr. Kallen, darling," Abigail said, and swiftly swallowed her rage.

"Go ahead," Kallen said.

Abigail was thoroughly kissed. She had difficulty fighting off her loving husband. Rising, knowing her redness of face could be mistaken for a bride's blush, she thrust her trembling hands behind her. "Funny how soon that gets to be a habit with you," Ben remarked.

"We lead a very quiet life," Abigail said. "Just eating and sleeping. Ben has to go to work pretty soon. He's saving his money."

"He don't have to save it for me," Kallen said and got up. "I'm sold. I gotta go."

"Ben sings to me at night," Abigail said. "He accompanies himself on his guitar. We sit in front of the fire."

"No kidding?" Kallen said. "That must be great. Ask that guy of yours to get my hat."

BEN rang for Nacio; as he did, Abigail heard the telephone shrilling. Nacio came in a moment. "Mr. Birgin on phone," he reported.

"That's the head of my studio," Ben said, "and he's not used to waiting. Will you hold on a minute for me, Harry?"

"You go ahead, cowboy," Kallen said. "So long."

"Get Mr. Kallen's hat, Nacio," Abigail ordered.

Ben hurried to answer the phone, and she accompanied Kallen to the door. He took his hat from Nacio and ran a finger along the crease in the crown. Kallen looked at Abigail, smiling faintly.

"How can I ever thank you, Mr. Kallen?" Abigail said, in low tones. "You don't owe me anything on account of what my father might have done. And we want to pay you—we don't want to accept that debt as a wedding present."

"Let me give you a tip, Mrs. Castle," Kallen said. "People do you favors and give you stuff because they want to. If you ask 'em for something, they'll back away from you. So don't worry about what you have coming to you because you're pretty and nice or have good connections. That's natural, see?"

"I see," Abigail said.

"Maybe you don't entirely," Kallen said. "I was pressing a little the night Ben dropped his bundle. I might not be giving away too much, see?"

"I see," Abigail said.

"When he called me up last night in Las Vegas and begged me to come by today," Kallen said, "I figured everything was going all right with you. If he sticks by his bargain, it's swell with me—and I suppose with you. I won't be by again unless you need help. When the cowboy requires a little persuading, Mrs. Castle, just holler."

Abigail was frowning. "You say the cowboy called you last night and asked you to come by?"

"He practically insisted on it," Kallen said. "I happened to be coming into town anyway, so I agreed. Why?"

"Oh, nothing," Abigail said. "Nothing." She had recollected her role of loving wife not a moment too soon. "I—I was thinking of how sweet it was of him, to want to show you how well we are getting along. He'd just do anything for his 'little gal.'"

"Ain't it the truth?" Kallen said. "But let me give you another tip, Mrs. Castle. That 'little gal' routine is gonna make you whoop up your cookies six months from now. So long."

Abigail watched him drive away, and went slowly into the house. Hurrying down the hall to her came Ben.

"Great news," he said. "Otto Francis Birgin wants us to pay him a visit at his house immediately. It's a great honor and you'll be revolted. Will you go?"

"Of course," Abigail said. "Why not? I'm on the grand tour and I might as well see everything.". . .

The Birgin residence was a mile or so away, and as Ben drove, he gave Abigail a profile of their host. "He's a kind

"SHOWING OFF THE FLOWER GARDEN," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 32 in the series "Home Life in America."

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In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

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AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION



of diamond in the rough," he said. "You'll probably find Mr. Birgin closely resembles some of the thugs your father handled in his day—both in manner and personal appearance. He's a man of pronounced likes and dislikes, and he gets mad very easily. When he is mad, he yells and offers to fight people. Just try to keep your temper and not hit him."

"Oh, I'll be charming," Abigail said. "You can count on me."

ON TOP of a hill, with all of Los Angeles spread below and even the flash of the sea in the distance, lay the stately pleasure dome erected by Otto Francis Birgin. The carport was full of shining automobiles, and Ben had to be assisted in his parking by an obliging man Abigail assumed was hired for that purpose. But when she was introduced to him, she discovered he was one of Mr. Birgin's production executives.

"Delighted to meet you, darling," he said. "I don't remember your face but I can certainly place the body from that bathing suit shot in the newspapers. Sorry I can't come in with you. Mr. Birgin threw me out for arguing that last Sunday was warmer than this one. He wanted to fight me, but Mrs. Birgin wouldn't let him."

The house was an enormous modern, providing dazzling vistas of plate glass, angular chairs, violent colors, ferns sprouting from the sides of fireplaces the size of caves, and milling guests.

In the next fifteen minutes, Abigail was introduced to approximately forty men and women. They stared at her with frank curiosity, and perhaps additional respect and pity. Several dashing girls kissed Ben and greeted him ecstatically. He glanced furtively at Abigail, wiped his cheeks with a handkerchief, and seemed subdued.

They moved outside and held discussions with tennis players, badminton players, shuffleboard players, nymphs and satyrs in a gigantic pool, and ordinary, reserved citizens simply wandering in the gardens. A lady said to Abigail, "I thought of the cowboy once myself, but I hate crowds of other women, don't you? Or don't you mind, darling?" Abigail began to burn, and not from the sun. The strange, surly temper first manifested on her wedding night took possession of her. A man confided in hushed tones that Mr. Birgin had stated he was sick of such a crowd of bums and he had retired to the stables to hold limited court.

"We'd better go look him up, little gal," Ben said. "He'll be wondering where we are."

"I note you share the prevailing fear," Abigail commented grimly. "Even to putting on that fancy cowboy jacket and tall hat so you'll be in character."

They pushed on to the stables at the lower end of the estate. A producer was holding a horse by its bridle outside the barn. He said Mr. Birgin, in an irritable quest for privacy, had dispossessed the animal and was holding a conference in a stall.

"We shouldn't interrupt him," Ben said, "but we'd better."

They went in the barn. "Here's the cowboy, Mr. Birgin," a man announced.

Otto Francis Birgin emerged from the stall and waved off his conferees, who retired to the producer and the horse. Mr. Birgin was a huge man with a viking's shoulders and hands, a flat face, hot blue eyes and a built-in scowl. He was plainly not a polished gentleman.

"I'm busy," Mr. Birgin said. "What d'you want?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Birgin," Ben said. "If that's the case, we'll merely say hello and trot along. I only wanted to introduce you to—"

"Are you drunk yet on my booze?" Mr. Birgin said.

"No, he's not," Abigail said. "Are you?"

"Abigail!" Ben said.

"Who's this dame?" Mr. Birgin said.

"My dear wife," Ben said. "I—"

"My name is Mrs. Castle," Abigail said evenly. "I am not a dame, and I am entirely unaccustomed to meeting talking apes."

"And so—good-by," Ben said to himself quietly.

"Do you know who I am?" Mr. Birgin demanded.

"Since everybody addresses you as Mr. Birgin," Abigail said, "I presume you're the head of Allied-Apex Studios. I could be mistaken, never having seen you before. You're as big as a horse, you look like one, and apparently you prefer to remain in a stall. May I say I approve of your choice? It's where you belong, from what I've heard."

"Simply send the word to Mother," Ben said. "that I died game."

"Of course," Mr. Birgin said, simultaneously with Ben, "you're a perfect dame. You're beautiful and you got the brain of Einstein. You can afford to look down on horses with the size of your feet? How much money have you got?"

"I'm broke," Abigail said.

"I'm rich," Mr. Birgin said. "I'm getting richer every day. And I'm a bum that's looked down on by dough-faced dames that have to marry actors in order to eat! Got any more arguments, honey?"

"I can't stand to hear you insult my wife," Ben said. "I'm going outside."

"I wouldn't bother to argue with you, Birgin," Abigail said. She saw Ben hurrying off to the other men and the horse.

"You damned right you wouldn't!" Mr. Birgin said. "I never lost an argument in my life. I'll give you one minute to get off my property with your lousy husband. If you don't, I'll throw you both off personally."

"Birgin," Abigail said, "you have made me extremely happy with that ultimatum. I'll be here sixty-one seconds from now, and I want to be thrown off by you personally. You say you're getting richer. I happen to be an attorney at law, and I'll take care of that in court. This will turn out to be a fight even you can't afford."

Otto Francis Birgin took a full sixty seconds for contemplation. He regarded Abigail with his small, burning eyes and scratched his stomach. He plucked a straw from a bale of hay and chewed it.

"That minute is up, Birgin," Abigail said, consulting her watch. "You've already committed assault—add battery to it, I beg you."

"How have I committed assault?"

"The threat you uttered constitutes assault," Abigail told him. "I await the battery. And don't worry—I won't press felony charges. This will be a civil action."

"You're the daughter of Vincent Furnival, ain't you?" Mr. Birgin said.

"Yes," Abigail replied, "and let's not change the subject. Hurry up with the battery, Birgin."

"I knew him," Mr. Birgin said. "I'm not doing anything." He glanced along the barn to be sure the other men couldn't hear him. "If you keep on being so tough, I'll go back in my stall and close the gate and not talk to you any more."

"Ha!" Abigail said. "Yellow!"

"That's right," Mr. Birgin said.

"Listen, Birgin," Abigail said, "I don't often despise people, but you're high on my private hate parade. I'll make you a fair offer. Eliminate the legal aspects of this controversy. I'll waive the right to sue you, and fight you any place, any time. The cowboy needn't be concerned. Of course, I'm not your physical equal, but if you're willing to use swords, pistols, bombs or shotguns—I'm your woman."

"I'm not so crazy about this beef as I was," Mr. Birgin said. He stared reflectively at the floor. "Are your feet really that big?"

"No, the shoes are too large for me," Abigail said. "Your typical underhanded methods won't do you any good, Birgin. I welcome your trying to fire the cowboy. We'll give you a release from the contract. It's high time he was doing something else."

"Why?" Mr. Birgin said.

"Because he's too good an actor for Westerns," Abigail said. "He's geared for better, more important roles. That's probably been the trouble with him these last few years—the reason for his drinking and eccentricities. He has been frustrated."

MR. BIRGIN spat out the straw, hitched up his pants and selected a riding crop the size of a cat-o'-nine-tails from the wall. "Let's go for a walk. I want to talk to you."

They left the barn. The group around the horse and the producer was silent and intent, including Ben.

"I'm going for a walk with Mrs. Castle," Mr. Birgin stated. "I don't want to be bothered by any of you bums."

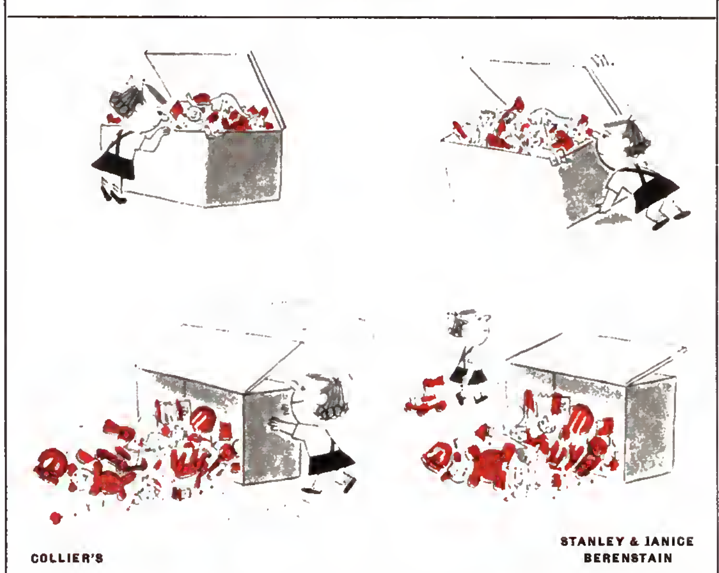
"Shall I put this horse back in his stall, Mr. Birgin?" the producer asked.

"No," Mr. Birgin said. "But go away with him."

"Can I come with you, Mr. Birgin?" Ben said.



SISTER



COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"No, you can't, you bum," Mr. Birgin said, with a faint hint of amiability.

He walked through the ordered wilderness of the grounds, modifying his pace to suit Abigail's shorter legs, his unlovely countenance wearing an absorbed expression. Occasionally he demolished some rare botanical specimen with his slashing crop.

"Your feet hurt?" he said. "Is that why you wear such big shoes?"

"I got these slippers from a friend of mine for nothing," Abigail said.

"People have tried to attract my attention in all sorts of ways," Mr. Birgin said. "A few have even tried getting tough. That don't go with me. They didn't mean it. I'm an unpleasant type."

"That's no lie, Birgin," Abigail said.

"But you are different," Mr. Birgin said, and seemed mysteriously cheered. "You are really mean. Must have got it from your old man."

"I'm not looking for compliments from any anthropoid," Abigail said. "Get to the point."

"A good moving picture," Mr. Birgin said, "is the best and simplest and easiest understood medium in the world. It's the most important. I didn't read that anywhere—I don't read much—I figured it out myself. Well, I been making cheap and salable pictures. I want to do better; I want to see how far I can go. I got several good stories on the fire, and one of them is about a murderer. It's mental, see, and teaches a lesson. The guy is cracked. I got some character with a beard from the university who says it will be great for people to see because they can pick out the filberts in their own families and keep them from knocking off other people. The cowboy might be good for that."

"Wonderful for it," Abigail said. "It even sounds great the way you tell the story."

"But—" Mr. Birgin said. He halted and wrecked a tree-orchid nestling between two boughs. "There's an angle. Your boy loses his regular audiences. How do I know he will be good? We got to have a readjustment. Have you figured the dough you want for your boy?"

"I'll tell you something, Birgin," Abigail said. "I don't like you a bit, and as for appearance, I'm surprised your parents didn't drown you; but I have come to have a moderate appreciation of your sincerity. You're a businessman, not an artist or a pirate. You want to make decent, steady profits, not hold up stagecoaches. I feel you'll treat us fairly, and I'm willing to abide by your decision. I'll stick with a businessman any time."

"Okay," Mr. Birgin said. "Let's go back to the barn."

The producer, the horse and the executives had disappeared. But Ben still hung around. He looked wistful and didn't speak.

"Come inside, Mrs. Castle," Mr. Birgin said. "Buffalo Bill can come too."

When they reached the stall, he excused himself, removed a pen and paper from his pocket, went inside and closed the gate. Ben and Abigail waited.

"Is anything the matter, dear?" Ben said.

"No," Abigail said.

Presently Mr. Birgin reappeared and opened the gate. "Come in my office," he said. "Here's a preliminary agreement I've drawn up on releasing Ben from his present contract."

"Oh, my gosh!" Ben said.

"And here's the agreement on the new deal," Mr. Birgin said. "Twenty grand for the first opera, and I bind myself that it'll be an A production. Price on next pictures to be reached by mutual bargaining. I must be out of my head."

"Sign them, Ben," Abigail said.

"Yes, dear," Ben said.

"Do we need to tell him anything?" Mr. Birgin asked.

"Only this," Abigail said, and turned to Ben. "We've made a new deal with Allied-Apex. You'll receive less money, but you're through with cowboy pictures. Your first role is that of a psychological murderer."

"That's the word I was trying to think of when we were walking," Mr. Birgin said. "Psychological. Now I got a little surprise for you, Buffalo Bill. Sign this." He handed Ben a third paper decorated with illegible handwriting.

"Shall I, dear?" Ben said.

"At once," Abigail said. "What is it, Birgin?"

"An I.O.U.," Mr. Birgin said. "Binding, though. Three years to pay. No interest. Here, Buffalo."

ABIGAIL and Ben tilted their heads over the check in the latter's fingers. It was entirely legible, including Mr. Birgin's signature, and for sixty thousand dollars. Abigail and Ben lifted their heads and gazed into each other's eyes.

"You asked me for it once," Mr. Birgin went on, "and I turned you down. You were a bum then. Now, it's different."

"It's not different!" Ben said. "I'm still a bum. I—"

"Mrs. Castle ain't," Mr. Birgin said. "You don't know it, but Harry Kallen came to me a long time ago and hollered. I told him he was a bum. This morning he called me and said it was all right—that you were straightened out with a new wife and he was going to forget the dough. That scared me. When guys like Kallen get broad-minded, they're fixing an alibi for mussing somebody up. I prefer to ruin my own actors. You go pay off, Buffalo Bill. Don't you know you ain't a gentleman if you don't pay your gambling debts?"

"I won't take the money," Ben said. "I'm not afraid of Kallen. I refuse to be under obligations to you."

"I'm being a nice guy!" Mr. Birgin roared. "I'm getting you out of a hole, risking dough on you, doing you a favor on account of your wife! Either take the hell that money or we'll tear up the new agreement, keep the contract release you signed, and I'll throw you off my property!"

"I've been framed," Ben said. "This is a dirty plot on the part of my enemies. I appeal to—"

Abigail shoved him from the stall contemptuously. She stuck out her hand to Mr. Birgin, and he nearly mangled her fingers.

"Thanks, Birgin," she said dully. "You've solved all our problems."

"He ain't too bright," Mr. Birgin said, "but you got enough brains for both. It's been a pleasure doing business with you."

They drove home wrapped in a profound silence. Ben helped her from the car with elaborate courtesy. Nacio opened the door, took in the situation at a glance, and became grave.

"A.J.," Ben said, stopping her on the steps, "this is a time for decision."

"Right," Abigail agreed. "I've made mine. I'm going back to Aunt Alice."

"Not again!"

"For the last time."

"I love you," Ben said. "You've never given me a chance to tell you, but after

Weather Bureaucrat

If you own a convertible,
Forecasting's plain—
When the top is up: sunshine;
When the top is down: rain.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

To give you a finer cigarette

Lucky Strike maintains



AMERICA'S FINEST CIG

Largest and most fully equipped cigarette research laboratory in America is your guarantee that Luckies are a finer cigarette!

YOU SEE HERE the largest and most complete laboratory of its kind operated by any cigarette manufacturer in America.

For many years Lucky Strike scientists have delved into cigarette research on an extensive scale. Out of this has grown an elaborate system of quality control. Every step in the making of Luckies—from before the tobacco is bought until the finished cigarette reaches you—comes under the laboratory's watchful eye. As you read this, a constant stream of tobacco . . . samples from every tobacco-growing area . . . is flowing into the laboratory in Richmond, Virginia. These samples are scientifically analyzed, and reports of their quality go to the men who buy at auction for the makers of Lucky Strike.

Armed with this confidential, scientific information—and their own sound judgment—these men go after finer tobacco. This fine tobacco—together with scientifically controlled manufacturing methods—is your assurance that there is no finer, more enjoyable cigarette than Lucky Strike!



So round, so firm, so fully packed. Typical of many special devices designed to maintain the highest standards of cigarette quality, this mechanism helps to avoid loose ends . . . makes doubly sure your Lucky *is* so round, so firm, so fully packed.



So free and easy on the draw. This meter draws air through the cigarette, measures the draw. Samples are tested to see if they are properly filled. Tests like this one are your guarantee that the Luckies you smoke are truly free and easy on the draw.

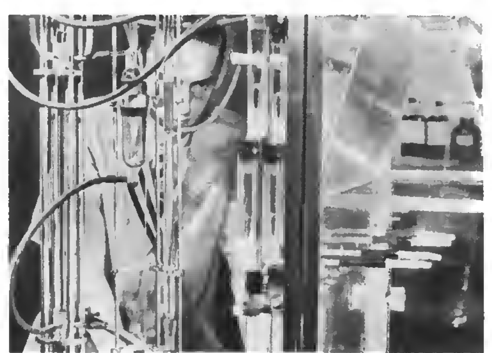


Why Luckies smoke evenly—not too fast, not too slow. This apparatus, together with many other technical devices, evaluates the smoking qualities of a cigarette — guarantees that your Lucky Strike smokes properly—smoothly and evenly.

ARETTE LABORATORY



Testing tobacco. Samples from every tobacco-growing area are analyzed before and after purchase. These extensive scientific analyses, along with the expert judgment of Lucky Strike buyers, assure you that the tobacco in Luckies is fine, light and mild.



Machine inhales smoke. Once a minute this automatic smoking machine takes a two-second puff of a Lucky. Yes, even smoke is studied in the never-ending work to make sure Luckies are a smoother, milder smoke. So smoke a Lucky—today!



We know:

LUCKIES PAY MORE ***for fine tobacco***

(millions of dollars more than official parity prices)

We are convinced:

LUCKIES PAY MORE ***for cigarette research***

Prove to yourself Luckies are finer—Get a carton today!

that night I played my guitar and sang for you—"

"Why did you call Harry Kallen and ask that he visit us?"

"Because I was desperate. I realized too late I was crazy about you, and it was my only chance of persuading you to return to me. I thought once you were in the house—"

Abigail nodded grimly. "More guitar playing. More singing. More improper advances. The disclosure of your scarred chest."

"Well, yes," Ben admitted. "Only now the romance would be open, aboveboard and conclusive. You've got to admit I was honorable last night. I'm the one who withdrew first. You were perfectly willing—"

"That's a fine way to discuss your own wife," Abigail said. "I admit nothing except that you are the Machiavelli of cowboys. Do you want me to give you a synopsis of your various plots?"

"No," Ben said. He noticed Nacio had not left the door, and was being reinforced by Harmony. "Go away, Nacio. You too, Harmony."

They paid no attention to him. Abigail spread the fingers of her left hand and checked off the items of her case.

"To begin with," she said, "you married me in order to escape the possible consequences of being in debt to Kallen. Your plan was to reach an easy arrangement with me, and I tipped over that applecart. You didn't intend to stand for being rehabilitated, so that involved another plot; which meant playing upon my affection for you. This attack failed on the ground that you simply couldn't make love to a girl who was repellent to you."

"I object," Ben said.

"Overruled," Abigail said, and she allotted a finger to the next stage. "I leave again, endangering a new intrigue you have going, probably with the help of your chief of staff, Mr. Graves. This involves using me as front woman and character witness for your supposed change of heart. Two new conspirators enter the scene—Jake and Harry Kallen. I have no doubt you privately reached an arrangement with Kallen on how he was to get his money. Everybody works on Otto Francis Birgin, a meeting is arranged with him, and I am the innocent guarantor of your future conduct. Poor Mr. Birgin falls into the trap with me."

BEN said, "You're crazy. Poor Mr. Birgin, indeed! Why, those other guys are as innocent as I am. They—"

"Now," Abigail said, "you have only one more minor problem, you double-dealing cow-poke. That is to keep me on a little longer, as the proper façade for your edifice of lies. Your method is simple—merely tell me that you have suddenly and mysteriously fallen in love with me. Then, at your leisure, you can cast me aside, a broken blossom."

"Stop acting," Ben said. "This is serious."

"I'm not acting!" Abigail said loudly. "It's all so transparent. Now that I think of it, Kallen's talk with me when you had gone to the telephone fits perfectly into the framework. He intimated that he had cheated you, and that he was giving up any thought of getting his money. But he offered to go on threatening you for my sake. Oh, boy! There I was, the lamb among the wolves. The minute he had eliminated my worst worries, he could help Jake to work on Birgin."

"I am the victim of circumstances," Ben said, "and of a few lousy, buttinsky friends."

"Not a trick missed," Abigail said. "The chief of staff, Mr. Graves, covers his tracks neatly. At the crucial moment, he shows me he has secretly saved more than enough to cover your debt. Another fine touch, irresistible to my trusting nature."

"What?" Ben demanded.

"You needn't pretend surprise to me," Abigail said. "I know you're an actor. I also know that in addition to being a liar, a cheat and profligate, you are a penny-pinching scoundrel."

"These fatal coincidences," Ben said, "are going to wreck my mind. It never was strong. Listen, I'll tear up Mr. Birgin's check, I'll never speak to my dirty helpful friends again, and I won't pay Kallen with the money you say I have. You can keep your hold over me."

"A likely story," Abigail said, and sneered in a fashion that shocked both Harmony and Nacio. "At least I can put one spoke in your perfect wheel by leaving you immediately and giving Birgin a chance to draw a few conclusions."

"I won't drink any more," Ben said. "I'll forget women. No further guitar playing or singing, and I swear I'll never make another pass at you. We'll just live together for the rest of our lives in the friendliest possible fashion. Can you conceive of a fairer offer?"

"I can no longer stay with you," Abigail said, "even to suit your convenience. You've had what you want of me, and I hope you have the sense to benefit from it. Good-by, cowboy."

"This will unquestionably go down in history," Ben said, "as one of the great miscarriages of justice."

Abigail walked inside, looked sternly at Harmony and Nacio, and said, "Follow me." Attended, she made the familiar journey up the stairs. Nacio had unpacked her things once more. She began on the carton, ordering the others to attend to the make-up case and the bag. With such a concentration of forces the job was soon done, despite Nacio's gradually increasing tears interfering with his packing. He was given the hand luggage, and Abigail and Harmony lifted the carton.

"Madam Castle," Harmony said, "this ain't going to be easy to take—you going away from us."

"If it wasn't for that cowboy," Abigail replied, "I'd be with you indefinitely."

"I respect your feelings and judgment, madam," Harmony said, "but maybe you'll return to us again soon."

"This is positively my farewell appearance," Abigail said.

They went slowly down the stairs and along the hall. Ben was leaning against the side of the library doorway, one heel lodged on the edge of the baseboard, a cigarette drooping from the corner of his mouth. His thumbs were hooked in his belt and he gave a startlingly vivid illusion of a cowboy loafing against a corral fence. Abigail elevated her chin as she passed him.

"I love you," Ben said hopelessly.

Abigail had her possessions deposited in the middle of the circular driveway, and Nacio was sent running for her car. She stood tapping her foot nervously on the pavement, aware that Harmony was growing wet-eyed. Nacio drove up, two wheels on the grass,

The Viewing Public



MOOCHER

● This is the fellow who picks his seat next to the tea table where the refreshments reside and never leaves it. He is generally full of apologies.

"Say!" he mumbles in the middle of a mouthful. "I sure am ashamed of myself! I guess you folks think I'm a regular pig or something, but the fact is I had to work late at the office tonight and I came right over here without any time at all for dinner. Had a light lunch, too, and believe me, I certainly was starved.

"But even if I weren't hungry, these here little tea sandwiches you make are sure out of this world! I don't know what you put in them but they sure taste good! I guess you folks think I don't have any manners at all, but I just can't resist the eats you folks spread out here! I'm just going to have to call a halt, that's all! That is, after I sample a small piece of that chocolate layer cake, if you don't mind . . ."

—PAUL RITTS

Next Week

Beginning the high-tension story of Paul Wesson, who had once made the mistake of knowing the wrong girl

DEADFALL

A story of espionage by DONALD HAMILTON

blinded by tears. Ben came outside as the loading was completed. Abigail blew her nose and got under the wheel.

"Good-by, madam," Harmony said, and wiped her cheeks with her apron. "Good luck."

"Good-by, Miss Castle," Nacio said. Of course he was using a handkerchief.

"Adios, little gal," Ben said, and produced a red bandanna. "I'll meet you at the last roundup in the skies someday."

Abigail started the engine and rode away. She stopped at a corner drugstore long enough to telephone Alice. "I've left the cowboy, Alice," she said.

"Again?" Alice asked.

"This time it's for good," Abigail said. "Save my room for me. I'm going away for a few days. Then I'm going to work as a law clerk for Simpson & Calhoun."

"Where are you going?" Alice asked.

"I'm going to that place in the San Bernardino Mountains where we went when we were working for the aircraft factory, Camp Killkare—remember?"

"I remember," Alice said. "But you're crazy, Abigail—"

But Abigail had already hung up. And after a call to Mr. Calhoun to tell him she could not come to work for a few days, she got back into the car and drove away.

ABIGAIL spent two restful days in the mountains. But on her third morning the restfulness came suddenly to an end. The camp office summoned her for a telephone call. It was Alice calling from the city. "A.J.?" said Alice, in a conspiratorial voice.

"Yes, Alice," said Abigail, angry with herself for being disappointed. She wasn't really expecting anyone else to call. "Hold on a minute," Alice said. There was a pause, and Alice spoke again—still with a voice of a conspirator. "A.J.?" Alice whispered.

"Yes, of course," Abigail said. "What were you doing?"

"Checking security," Alice said. "I got to be sure I haven't been followed and that this phone isn't tapped. I'm in Austin Tisdale's apartment. He let me have his key so I could call you."

"Checking security?" Abigail repeated. "The phone tapped? Are you nuts?"

"If I ain't, dear," Alice said, "I'm on the thin edge. And all on account of you."

"Me?" Abigail said. "What's the matter?"

"The cowboy," Alice said and snuffled suddenly. "The cowboy—he's in jail."

"In jail?" Abigail said.

"The poky," Alice said. "Do you have to repeat every word I say. Is tbere an echo in those mountains?"

"So he's in jail," Abigail said. "So wbat! The fellow was never more than one jump ahead of the law. Did they get him for intoxication?"

"It's murder for the poor guy," Alice said.

"It's murder for anybody in jail," Abigail said. "What is the charge?"

"I said it was murder!" Alice snapped.

"Murder!" Abigail said. She could feel the blood draining from her face and the hot moisture on her hands as tbey held the receiver. "Alice, is this some lunatic joke—"

"He bumped off a guy named Harry Kallen." Alice fought for breath and produced a high trill. "Listen, A.J., I tried to keep it from you. I wanted you to rest in peace. It started late Sunday night. Kallen was killed and the cops grabbed the cowboy. Hell started to pop. Reporters and photographers came here. The phone began ringing. I said I didn't know where you were. The cops came. Everybody in the world has phoned. I'm trying to protect you, but they're hounding me. They don't leave me alone day or night. They're trying to discover if I'm communicating with you. I'm going under . . ." Alice wept and kept talking: "You can imagine what this is doing to Austin and me. A banker can't stand tbat kind of publicity."

"Holy jumping cats!" Abigail said. She would have fainted, but she had to keep listening.

"You've got to beat it," Alice said. "Run for your life. I will keep a vow of silence even if it costs me Austin. Pull your hat down over your ears. Change your name. Couldn't you practice law in Alaska or South America?"

"Holy cow!" Abigail said. She was far past fainting now.

"The cowboy has appointed you his counsel," Alice said. "He won't even talk to anybody else. Your name is on beadlines in every paper in town. They are dragging in your old man. Get out while you can."

"Oh, stop it," Abigail said. "Stand by to go about! I'm coming back to defend him. Get those lawbooks of mine out of the carton. Meet me in three hours on the corner of Beverly Drive and Wilshire Boulevard."

"No, no," Alice howled. "He's confessed. You can't defend him. I've got to go to work! They're already sore at me in the La Bonne Beautee Shoppe. Reporters bang around there all day, and not to have their hair done. And there's Austin—"

"Aunt Alice," Abigail said solemnly, "these are the times that try women's souls. We must every one of us expect to make sacrifices, and if Austin has to go, he has to go. Meet me on that corner!"

"Next time," Alice said, "I'll spend a little more dough and have an apartment alone. All right."

Abigail hung up, became aware of profuse perspiration. She sought the camp proprietor and paid her bill with remarkable calm. In less time than she would have believed possible, she was in her car and on her way to the city.

(To be concluded next week)

'52 Buttons for Bowles?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

were always called on by tbe Republican organization for campaign funds, the House forthwith "reconsidered" the reorganization bill and passed it obediently but with a sbudder.

At present a five-man nonpolitical commission, solid, conservative and Republican, is writing the plan of reorganization.

The government of Connecticut may be reorganized and a large number of sinecure boys and girls may, alas, have to go to work somewhere.

And that, said several of the Republican leaders in the House, is what they got for being persuaded against their better judgment to permit Cbet Bowles to be inaugurated at all.

No one was more surprised than Mr. Bowles himself when he won last November. His margin of victory was about 2,250 votes. Mr. Truman lost the state by 14,457.

When inauguration day arrived the Republican House was in a full huddle. Anyone becoming governor by so sligbt a margin might not, they cried, have been elected at all. The House was strong for continuing the retiring Republican governor in office while a painstaking investigation of that scant margin was made—no matter how long it took. And Mr. Bowles sat comfortably near by while pressures of various kinds were applied to coax the House into a good humor. Finally these pressures won and, after a

delay of four hours, Mr. Bowles became governor.

He was only halfway through his inaugural address when the Republicans began to regret the House's timidity. He called for the immediate construction of 13,000 dwellings that would rent at $20 to $55 a month. (He got 9,500 homes; 3,000 for sale, 6,500 for rent at $36 to $40.) He wanted increases in pensions for the aged and larger appropriations for the blind and for orphans. (He got them.) He demanded that workmen's maximum compensation be increased from 50 per cent of the subject's weekly wage to 66⅔ per cent (No.)

Another Disability Plan

He went on and asked for a temporary disability compensation plan which would succor wage earners forced off their jobs either by sickness or by accidents incurred away from their jobs. In individual amount it would be the same as the workmen's compensation. It would be financed by a one per cent pay-roll tax—half contributed by the employer and the other half by the employee. (Again no.)

He wanted immediately $18,600,000 for new schools and $22,350,000 with which to aid towns and school districts to meet the increased expenses of operating schools already in service. (The latter was adopted but when an inadequate $7,200,000 was allowed for the former, the governor vetoed the appropriation.) Also he wanted $600,000 at once for the training of additional teachers. (It was pared to $350,000.) He demanded $30,000,000 for hospitals. (He got $17,000,000.)

While members of the opposition in the inaugural audience were wearing their pencils down to the erasers, Mr. Bowles tossed his fast ball. He would repeal the sales tax and substitute therefor a state income tax. From this he would exempt all incomes less than $4,000, provided the recipient was married and had two children. The income of the average industrial family in Connecticut, said Bowles, was $2,600. There were about 600,000 workers in Connecticut who could thus be exempt from an income tax. (The plan was defeated.) The governor, of course, had much more to say about taxes, but at that point numerous Republicans within earshot were thinking about turning in a fire alarm.

"The pulling and hauling of the liberals and conservatives," said Mr. Bowles, "is often an uncomfortable process. In the heat of controversy, liberals are inclined to class all conservatives as reactionaries and even Fascists, plotting to set up a Wall Street dictatorship. Conservatives similarly are inclined to class all liberals as radicals or even Communists, determined to destroy our Constitution, enslave our people and wreck our private enterprise system. Against this kind of political hysteria we must all be everlastingly on our guard. We who consider ourselves liberals are great hands at writing eloquent declarations. But frequently, in our impatience for a better life for all our people, we have underestimated the hard realities of budget and finance."

This last fetched the opposition to its feet. And they are still quoting it.

The inauguration over, Mr. Bowles proceeded to raise hell almost before the sweepers had cleared away the celebration debris. In his early zeal the new governor charged liberally in all directions. The Republicans took to cover hoping that in the furious barrage he was laying down along the whole political horizon, Mr. Bowles would haply shoot himself. And two or three times he almost did. The Democrats took up a safe-distance position back of him, shouting alternate warnings and encouragements but hoping that he wouldn't shoot them too. Several times they held their breath until black in the face but there was always someone around to drag Mr. Bowles back to safety.

For example there was a report by the State Inter-Racial Commission, which charged that there was wide discrimination against Negroes, Catholics and Jews in Yale, Trinity, Wesleyan and other Connecticut colleges. What was lacking was proof and means of proving that any of the colleges were guilty in any particular instance or as a general practice.

All the colleges denied that they discriminated. Many prominent Negroes, Jews and Catholics endorsed these denials. Mr. Bowles's enthusiasm for the report did not diminish, but after thinking it all over he and his publicity mill dropped the subject. And that was that.

A little later the new governor accepted a sponsorship of a dinner promoted by The Nation magazine, which had been barred from the public schools in New York as the result of a series of articles it carried attacking political activities by the Catholic church. Mr. Bowles was to be co-chairman of the dinner and, of course, one of the speakers. It so happens that there are almost 70,000 Catholics in Connecticut and they became pretty excited. The Knights of Columbus wrote a warm letter to Mr. Bowles asking him to explain himself. Also there were many Catholics in the Democratic Senate, which was to be the governor's shield and defender in the days to come. The result was that Mr. Bowles did not go to the dinner nor communicate further with its promoters.

A Bad Place to Economize

Then there was that cut he wanted to make in the appropriation for the State Fish and Game Commission. Just why Chet Bowles, himself an ardent outdoorsman, should have picked on this particular item for economy is not clear even to himself. By nature and practice the governor is a loose-dollar man. But on the day of the public hearing on fish and game appropriations several hundred Nutmeggers marched on the Capitol. They came in waders. They carried petitions and irate speeches in creels. They had protests wound tightly on reels. Some carried fish poles like rifles. They did not bring their shotguns but they were all dressed up for bagging anything from partridge to governors.

The hunting element shattered the air with birdcalls and fox yips. Men bawled like moose, and one guy had a contraption which, when twisted, emitted what he said was a beaver chatter. The indignant citizens filled a huge hearing room until the doors wouldn't close. The governor looked, listened and retreated.

But it was a bit disconcerting to those who view government somewhat more seriously when they recalled that only a handful of unspectacular citizens had shown up at the hearing on whether an income tax should replace the sales tax.

The Republicans left nothing to the imagination of truly rural Connecticut, the people of the little farms and tiny white villages. Most of these sectors are almost completely Republican. Under Connecticut's ancient constitution, which takes about four years to amend, the state is politically blocked off into 169 towns (or townships) and cities. Each town sends two Representatives to the General Assembly unless it has less than 5,000 population, when it is entitled to only one (except those incorporated before 1818 which keep their old representation). But cities too are entitled to only two Representatives. Thus Hartford, with its population of 170,000, has the same representation in the lower house as the town of Winchester, with 11,000, and the same as the town of Union, with 290.

Mr. Bowles lost no time in attacking this setup, calling it a rotten-borough system. A barely discernible minority of the citizens of the small towns knew what a rotten borough was, including their Representatives. The small towns form the huge majority of the 169 towns and cities and they are overwhelmingly Republican. So they immediately interpreted Mr. Bowles's remarks to mean that they, individually and collectively, were a decayed lot. And some representatives went home to tell their irate constituents that the governor thought "they stunk." This, as you may readily appreciate, did not soften the hearts of the hugely rural Republican House toward the governor's program.

Then there was the day that Mr. Bowles called upon New England industrialists to subscribe $500,000 to help promote higher wages for Southern labor. Had he suggested blowing up Charter Oak Bridge and closing Yale University the roars of disapproval couldn't have been louder or more general. However, there was a certain logic behind his idea. If Southern industrial wages, particularly in the textile industry, were on a par with the New England scale, Yankee manufacturers would not have such ruinous competition, Yankee mills now closing would hum as of yore and employment would rise. But the idea was about as popular as pip on a chicken farm and the governor dropped it, understandably hoping he'd hear no more about it.

But Chet Bowles is like that—somewhat on the headlong side and enthusiastically dedicated to better government and modern procedure. His mistakes are almost always mistakes of the heart.



COLLIER'S "And yet if I had my life to live over again, I'd probably do the same thing" ROBERT DAY

Portrait of a Governor

Massachusetts-born (Springfield) and New York- and Washington-trained, he is referred to as a carpetbagger by his opposition—even though he was educated at Yale and did a good job as OPA director in Connecticut before taking over national price administration. He is forty-eight years old, a Unitarian, tall, horse-faced, loose-jointed, heavy-shouldered and short-legged. To some pretty imaginative friends, he looks like Spencer Tracy. He talks with surprising gentleness out of the right-hand corner of his thin-lipped mouth, and like Harry Truman, he is much better at extemporaneous speaking than he is at reading. He has the courage of a terrier.

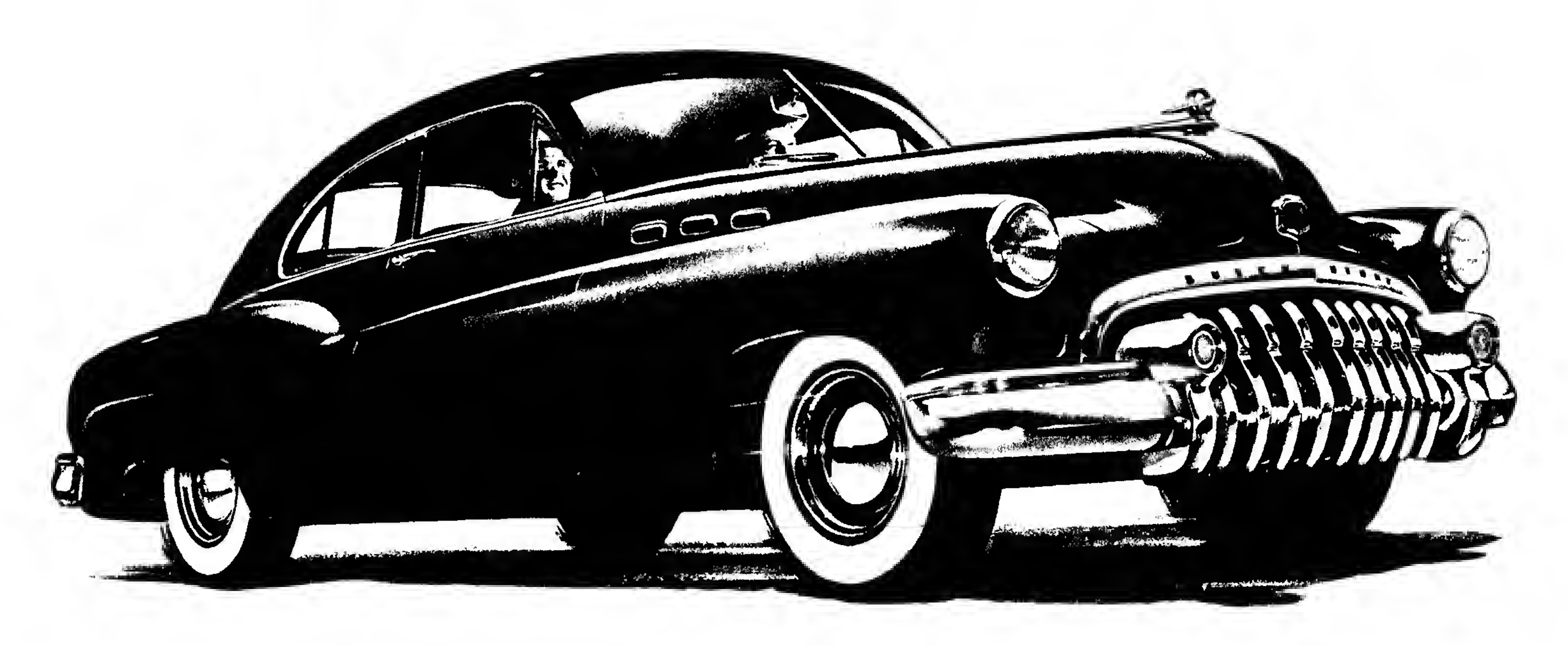
Unless carefully watched by his Democratic sponsors he is likely to leap aboard new "movements" without much preliminary study of their inception, aim or true objective. Before 1939 he was an America Firster, not because he saw any virtue in Hitler but because, he says, he underestimated him. Bowles says that the only reason he stood for nonintervention before Hitler invaded Poland was because, as a schoolboy of eighteen, he became deeply disillusioned by the United States Senate's rejection of the League of Nations.

When World War II came around and his political idol, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, began to urge the United States to rush to the aid of Britain and France, his deepest emotion was, "Well, here we go again." Today for internationalism, he marches abreast his onetime fellow isolationist Arthur Vandenberg. And yet he doesn't propose to become hypnotized by the beating of distant drums.

"The movement to support the U.N. in America," he wrote in March of this year, "had tended to become an end in itself, promoting a label instead of a reality—as though the important thing were to publicize the product regardless of the product itself. It has an all too typical charity flavor about it, like supporting the Red Cross or contributing to the building of a new church around the corner. Belief in the U.N. is becoming ritualized—above criticism, above meaning and reality . . . I do not think the cause of the U.N. or peace is served through advertising acceptance only."

When Chet Bowles wrote that in Harper's Magazine he was talking from the inside. In 1946 he was the American delegate to the United Nations Economic, Scientific and Cultural Organization conference in Paris and subsequently he was chairman of the International Advisory Committee for the United Nations Appeal for Children. Furthermore he was (his Republican opposition says

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.



BIG BUY in a Tidy Package!

WE'LL put it to you straight—what would you guess the price of this Buick SPECIAL to be?

Take in its fresh new styling, gay as a bright morning, modern as a jet plane—

Take in the handy dimensions of it, five feet shorter than the usual curbside parking space, easy to fit in any garage—

Measure its interior room. The biggest you can buy for the money, with 12 inches more rear-seat hiproom than previous SPECIALS—

Remember that all seats are in front of the rear axle, so the famous Buick ride is even better than before—

Hold in mind that this is high-compression, high-*pressure* Fireball power in 110- or 120-hp ratings—

Note particularly that you can have this beauty with easy, finger-flick Synchro-Mesh transmission, or enjoy the silky luxury of Dynaflow Drive as optional equipment at modest extra cost—

Then, when you've set your figure, put it against this fact:

This brawny straight-eight *actually costs less than most sixes.* It is within reach of practically every new-car buyer—especially when you figure your investment by the year.

Thus it really boils down to a lot of automobile—at a mighty attractive price.

So attractive that if you'll see your Buick dealer, try it out, match its dollar-for-dollar values, we're certain sure you'll not be happy till you get an order in!

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



TEN-STRIKE! Only Buick SPECIAL has all these Features!

Traffic-Handy Size • Most Room for the Money • Dynaflow Drive optional at extra cost *• Jet-Line Styling • Non-Locking Bumper-Guard Grilles • High-Pressure Fireball Straight-Eight Engine • Coil Springing all around • Low-Pressure Tires on Safety-Ride Rims • Greater Visibility fore and aft • Self-Locking Luggage Lids • Steady-Riding Torque-Tube Drive • Three Smart Models with Body by Fisher*

SPECIALLY NOW "Buick's the Buy"

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them



he still is) one of America's most successful advertising men. In 1929 he helped organize the advertising firm of Benton & Bowles, becoming its chairman in 1936.

Mr. Bowles is not at all enthusiastic about having his activities as governor compared with his career as an advertising man. Nevertheless those who do this are on pretty solid ground. He's a tremendous worker and perhaps half of his labors involve his striving for new ideas. If you have the ideas and if they're workable and ethical, says he, people will rally around you, and success will inevitably follow.

Chet Bowles bad no sooner been nominated for governor than he called in several of Connecticut's most powerful Democrats and told them he didn't think mere control of convention delegates should be the principal objective of a political leader.

If, he told them, a man has fresh ideas about how to give people better government and lets everybody know that he has them, he won't have to chase and capture delegates. In such circumstances the delegates will come to him and follow him.

At the close of that conference one of his audience, a cold-eyed Yankee with a sun-baked neck, was heard to drawl, "About these here new ideas, I spoke up about a couple over near Granby back in '36 and some of the folks ain't spoken to me since. Best thing to do with new ideas is keep them to yourself."

But that's not Chet Bowles's idea at all. Among his first activities as governor was the organization of a publicity corps. Into this briskly efficient ballyhoo group have come several men and women who did similar work for him when he was director of OPA. As public relations and information operatives they do an exceedingly sbarp job. But they are concerned with something more than merely feeding the press the daily harvest of facts and figures as the governor sees them. Virtually all their releases have "build-up" qualities and are what advertising men call "weigbted."

Without being blatant about it or so obvious as to defeat their own purposes, these releases, information bulletins and statements are frequently indirectly aimed at 1950 (when Mr. Bowles will be a candidate to succeed himself for a *four*-year term under the new law).

His Weekly Radio Quiz

Every Wednesday evening Mr. Bowles has himself radio-interviewed by a Connecticut citizen wbo is representative of some large organization or numerically important group—labor, veterans, P.T.A., farmers, industrialists, schoolteachers, businessmen, housewives, social workers, old-age pensioners, unemployed workers and even legislators. Interviewers can send in questions in advance to be answered by the governor or, if they choose, they will be given a set of questions complete with the answers they will get.

The guests speak their woes, their hopes, their ambitions and what they have been given to understand.

"I am Ethan Blawhawp of Derby. I am eighty years old. I want to know how I can live on a $40-a-month pension . . ."

"I am Mrs. Tulip Quitkurly of Barkhamsted. My husband is out of work and with the cost of living the way it is . . ."

"I am Miss Lulu Peach of Canterbury. The schools in our town are . . ."

Chet Bowles gently sympathizes witb them. Tells them what he hopes to do for them and their neighbors. Tells them that the Republican House of Representatives is obstructionist. Tells them to write to their Representative demanding that the Republicans co-operate with him in his program for the whole people.

Yonder, across Capitol Park, the Republicans grab their telephones and indignantly reply: "Hello. Hello. This is George Conway, your Republican majority leader in the House of Representatives. I've called you to tell you the true facts. . . . The Republican program of workable legislation is blocked by the Democratic party's Hunt for Headlines. Governor Bowles is more interested in advertising than administration. Write and tell him to stop talking and start working."

"Hello. Hello. . . . This is Harry Bucksaw, Republican. . . . Hello, Governor Bowles. Come down to earth, Governor Bowles. There are 100,000 people out of work in Connecticut. Come down to eartb. We dou't need more taxes. We need more jobs."

"Hello. Hello. Hello, Connecticut. There's a man on the Hill blowing pretty, pretty bubbles in the air. He's trying to sell Bowles of Aunt Miranda's flapjacks. It's superduper suds salesmansbip. It's costing you a pretty penny, Connecticut. Bowles of one-minute radio spots in the past three weeks have cost between $12,000 and $15,000 . . ."

Accused of Huckster Methods

Mr. Bowles's opposition never lets him forget that he used to be an advertising man. They call his administration "Huckster Government" and add that now he is merely peddling politics instead of soap.

To which Chet's admirers reply witb admirable promptitude and vehemence. They "point with pride" to bis record as an outstanding and upstanding advertising man, and trumpet the doctrine that his experience in advertising is an important item in his value to the people—a big help in selling ideas to the public. They've practiced that routine constantly since he became governor, and they do it convincingly.

All this turmoil has bothered Chet Bowles about as much as a basket of sweetly scented confetti. It is soft stuff compared with the beating he took as national price administrator.

Ably and discreetly aided by his wife, Dorothy Stebbins Bowles, he tours the state's public institutions from the poor farms and prisons to the schools and hospitals. Mrs. Bowles, his second wife, was a well-known sociologist in Boston, before their marriage. She is the mother of three of Chet Bowles's five children—Cynthia, thirteen, Sally, eleven, and Sam, ten. His first wife, Julia Mayo Fisk Bowles, who divorced him in Reno in 1933, is the mother of the other two children—Chester, Jr., and Barbara, both of whom are now married.

Although the present Mrs. Bowles keeps safely out of the political spotlight now she actively electioneered for her husband in the fall of 1948. One of her more important contributions to that campaign was a song that was blared throughout the state. Toward the end of the vote hunting Connecticut grew understandably weary of speeches. It was at this point, two days before election, that Mrs. Bowles's lyric, broadcast from sound trucks and taken up by scattered, speech-bored audiences, took over her husband's appeal exclusively. The tune is Buttons and Bows:

Tired of living with your mother-in-law
in a house that's much too small?
Vote for the man with the housing plan
And watch the Republicans take it on the lam—
Prices down, houses up—
Everyone vote for Truman and Bowles.

When we left Hartford, the governor's opposition was considering ways and means of counteracting "government by advertising."

Several suggestions were under consideration, but the one which seemed to be winning at the time was: Let's Hire an Advertising Expert. THE END

The Bracelet and the Blade

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

The girl held out one of the pine chips, and Ben looked at it, smelling the scent of it.

"Gnawed off," she said.

He turned a little and looked at her. She had a stubborn chin and eyes as gray as stones in the rain.

"If you want to win that ten dollars," she said calmly, "my grandfather can show you how."

Ben glanced back at his ax. "I'll get off at the spring," he said.

"My grandfather is the only man who ever outchopped the Hammond axman," she said.

"His name Crunkleton?" Ben asked.

She nodded.

They had reached the spring, and the horse tried to drink, but she pulled his head up. Ben swung his legs out over the wheel, waiting for her to say, "Whoa."

Instead she asked, "You want to see a good ax?" and slapped the reins down on the horse, making him trot.

Ben remembered that douhle-hit flashing like a mirror. "I just saw one. Whoa!" he yelled at the horse.

The girl said scornfully, "Lowland ax. If you'd had a good ax you might have whipped him. If you'd known how to swing it."

THAT pulled a trigger in Ben. Suddenly he was so mad he could feel the anger shivering inside him the way a tree shivers when the blade finally kills it.

She didn't seem to notice. "If you want to go hack and try again, I'll lend you a mountain ax."

Ben half stood up and started to jump out, hut just then the wagon wheel hit a large stone, throwing him off halance so that he sat hack down hard.

As though nothing had happened, she pulled some leaves off a sassafras bush and handed them to him, taking some herself. "You going anywhere special?" she asked.

"Nowhere special, hut I'm going there by myself," Ben told her.

"It wouldn't take my grandfather long to show you how to whip that man," she declared, chewing on the leaves. "You're plenty strong enough, but you keep your wrists too stiff."

Ben looked hack. They were halfway out of the valley now and he could see the town with the wooden huildings lining the street. The knot of people around the Hammond axman looked like a puddle of spilled colors. He could still see the splash of red.

"Doesn't the Millersville road cross this one?" he asked.

She nodded.

"I'll get off there," he said, settling hack again.

She took off her thick-soled shoes and dropped them hack with the sacks of flour and other staples. She put her hare feet up on the splashboard and wiggled her toes. "I'd hate to put my feet in those red shoes she had," she remarked.

The wagon jounced over another stone and their shoulders collided. Ben was surprised at how solid she felt hecause she looked sort of soft and womanly.

"And I'd be ashamed to get into that red dress," she said, sliding hack to her side of the wagon seat.

"How much further to the crossing?" he asked.

"Pretty far. You hungry?"

"You got anything to eat?"

"Some." She reached back and got a wicker hamper. Ben opened it and found corn hread, fried chicken, baked sweet potatoes, a jug of molasses and an apple pie two inches thick. His mouth hegan to water, but she said, "If you're not real hungry, let's wait until we get to the creek where I always stop to eat."

"All right," Ben said, closing the hamper. "How often do you come down the mountain?"

"Every month or so."

"I never saw you hefore."

She turned and looked at him and he noticed that there were flecks of green in the gray of her eyes. "Your name's Ben Allen," she said. "And you work for the lumber company. And you've seen me before. You danced with me at Tutweiler's square dance Christmas."

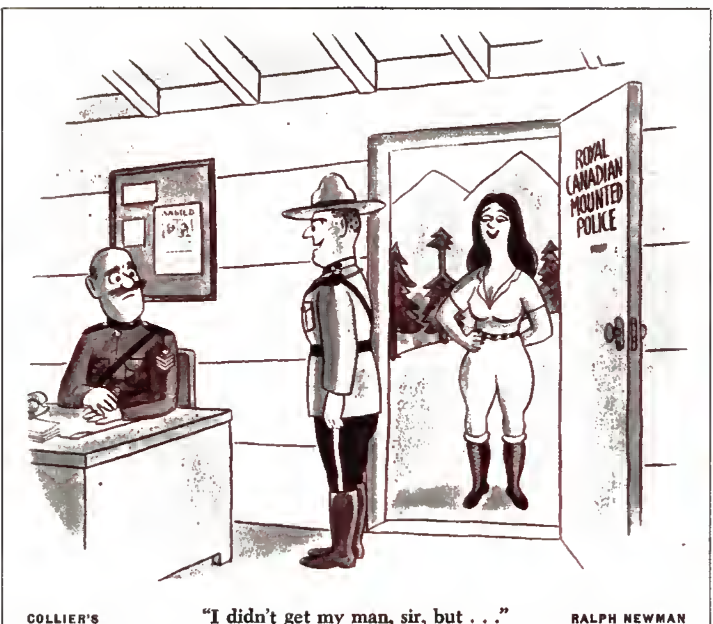
"Did I?" Ben asked. "What's your name?"

"Judy Crunkleton. My parents are dead. Like yours. I live with Grandpaw and Grammy. I'm eighteen. You're twenty."

"How come you know so much about me?" he asked.

She just smiled and flapped the horse with the reins. . . .

At a wide, shallow creek she let the



COLLIER'S "I didn't get my man, sir, but . . ." RALPH NEWMAN

horse drink and then took the lunch over to a grassy place beside the stream.

Ben slipped the bit out of the horse's mouth so it could eat and then sat down beside Judy. She gave him half a fried chicken to start with.

He was still eating when she finished and washed her hands in the creek. Then, leaning back, she looked up. "West wind," she remarked. "Fish'll be biting."

His mouth was so full that he just looked over at her and nodded.

"Can you milk a cow, Ben?"

He nodded again, working on the apple pie.

"Can you butcher meat, Ben?"

He swallowed enough to say, "Some."

"Can you plow?"

He grinned. "I was running furrows with a bull-tongue plow and a one-eyed mule named Maude when I was eight years old."

"You like working for the lumber company?"

He shrugged. "It feeds and sleeps me."

She dug at the grass with her big toe. "You in love with anybody, Ben?"

He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "How much further to the crossing?"

"Not far. That girl in the red dress?"

Ben cut a slice of pie and held it out to her. "You sure got a lot of questions to ask."

She began to blush and looked away. When she looked back again, she said, "There's a butterfly on you. When it gets off, we'll go."

They bounced along in the wagon for quite a while, the road getting steeper, the stones in it bigger. Ben at last said, "I thought that Millersville road was closer than this."

She glanced at him and then away. "That road crossed back down in the valley. Where you wanted to get out."

Ben's voice was angry as he yelled, "Whoa!"

She said softly to the horse, "Whoa," and it stopped. Then she turned half around on the seat and faced him. "It's a lot further down now than it is up, Ben."

"Up to where?" he demanded.

"My grandfather's. It'd be black dark night before you could walk to Millersville."

Ben felt sort of penned up. All he had wanted in the first place was to get away from the people who had seen the man whip him. Now here he was halfway up the mountain with a gray-eyed girl in a wagon. He didn't have anything to do in Millersville—it was just a place where Rhoda's wasn't. And if he walked back down now it would be too late to find a place to sleep.

"After my grandfather shows you a few little things, you can go back and beat the Hammond axman," she said.

"Giddup," Ben said to the horse.

He glanced at her as she clucked to the horse. She was smiling sort of secretly to herself.

IT WAS late in the afternoon when they got to the post-and-rail fence which wound up and down around the mountain for as far as Ben could see. Inside it there were woodlands, steep pastures, and a garden which seemed to be hanging to the bare rocks.

After a mile or so more, they reached the low stone house with thick slates on the roof. There were a lot of flowers around it and the whole place looked as though it had been there as long as the mountain.

A man and a woman were waiting for them. The man was much older than Ben had expected him to be, and the woman was old, too. As Judy stopped the wagon at the house, Ben noticed that the old man had to use two heavy walking sticks to get around. His blue eyes must have faded a lot, but Ben saw that they were still keen as they looked him over. Ben got down from the wagon. The old man leaned one walking stick against his leg and held out his hand.

"You Ben?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Ben said, surprised.

"We're glad you came, Ben," Mr. Crunkleton said.

"We surely are," the old woman said, shaking hands with him.

Judy was in a hurry as she came around the wagon. "I brought you your herbs, Grammy," she said, her voice louder than Ben had heard it. "And some good smoking tobacco, Grandpaw."

"And some sorely needed help," Mrs. Crunkleton said.

"And the sewing thread, but Mr. Tutweiler didn't have any of that material you wanted. Now we'll unload and unhitch," Judy said, all in one breath.

Ben helped unload the wagon and when it was empty Mrs. Crunkleton patted him on the arm and said, "Now Judy'll show you how to feed up and milk, Ben. By the time you're through, supper'll be ready."

BEN didn't say anything until he and Judy got to the barn. When she started unhitching, he said, "Lots of things going on I don't understand, Judy. How'd he know my name was Ben?"

Judy stayed on the other side of the horse. "Just guessed it, maybe," she suggested.

"Maybe," Ben said, scowling. "And I can't learn much wood chopping from a man who's almost a cripple."

"He can tell you how, Ben."

She came around under the horse's neck.

"It was a long way to come," he said, angry.

"It's a long way to go back, too," she reminded him.

Ben got his ax out of the wagon. "I can make it."

She stopped taking the bridle off and came over to him. "Don't go, Ben. Stay until tomorrow anyway. Will you, Ben?"

"What for?"

"It'll be so dark going down the mountain by yourself. And they'd like for you to stay. They wouldn't understand why you chose to go back in the night."

Ben hesitated a moment, then put his ax back in the wagon. . . .

In the morning Ben forked hay down to the stock and thought about the breakfast Judy had given him. Fried eggs, fried potatoes, pancakes, broiled ham, molasses, coffee as black and strong as sin, and hoecake. At the lumber company he would have got mush, corn bread, string meat, and coffee the color of an oak chip and hardly hand warm.

Helping Judy with the chores, he noticed that everything around the place was sort of run-down. The harrows and plows were busted, the cowshed roof leaked, the hayloft floor was about gone. The fences needed a lot of work and he didn't think the pastures would feed the cattle for another year. Even the vegetable garden was ragged.

When they got through, Judy took an ax down off two pegs and nodded toward his ax still in the wagon bed.

Ben frowned. "What for?" he demanded.

"I'll show you some and then Grandpaw'll tell you the rest."

"Show me what?"

"How to chop."

"You make me about as mad as anybody I know," Ben told her.

"I can chop a little," she said, rolling a firewood log out into the clear.

Ben watched her swing the heavy-bitted ax and, grudgingly, he had to admit that she was good. It was the smoothest, easiest cutting he had ever seen. Watching her, he thought that the way she moved was like creekwater running around rocks.

What interested him most was the way her back cut the chips out. They

never came loose and then stayed in the vee. They always jumped clean out of the way.

He tried to find out how she did it by watching, but the movement of the blade was too fast and finally she had to show him. She took his wrist, two of her fingers out along the back of his hand. "Like this," she said, trying to bend his wrist, but it was stiff. She turned her head, laughing up at him. "Let go," she demanded.

Ben relaxed the muscles and she could waggle his hand.

"Right at the end you twist the ax. Like this," she told him, twisting his hand with her fingers.

There was a warmth coming from her, and her hair smelled like leaf smoke a long way off. Her fingers around his wrist were strong.

Ben tried it with the ax and soon he got the feel of it. He was grinning when he turned to her.

"After I practice a while I can beat that man," he told her.

"With a good ax you could," she agreed.

Ben felt fine. He finished cutting through the log and then sat down beside Judy on top of a stone fence. "I'm sort of glad I came up here now," he admitted.

She wasn't looking at him as she said, "If we had more cleared land it would be better. If we had all those trees cut down we could make another pasture." She waved her hand at a stand of pines.

Ben was thinking about the Hammond axman and the bracelet. "All I need is some practice," he declared.

Judy said wistfully, "If I had somebody on the other end of a crosscut saw we could get those trees down easy."

"Wonder where that Hammond axman is going to be showing off in a couple of weeks."

"We could cut down a lot of those trees in a couple of weeks," Judy decided. "A lot of them. And then dynamite the stumps."

Ben was excited. He got down off the fence and started cutting on the log again.

"Ben," Judy said, "are you going back to the valley?"

He stopped, surprised. "I got to, Judy. I got to go to work tomorrow."

Judy examined the end of a straw she had been chewing on. "Would you stay up here, Ben, if Grandpaw paid you?"

Ben laughed. "Up on top of a mountain? I'm a valley man, Judy."

She let the straw fall and slowly got down off the fence. "I'll go get something for you to eat on the way. If you'll hitch up I'll ride you down as far as the creek."

Mr. Crunkleton came while Ben was hitching up. "Weather's going to be good for a spell," he said

"Looks like it," Ben agreed.

"Never can be sure, though, up on this old mountain."

"Guess not."

Ben noticed that the trace loop was worn and was going to slip off the whiffletree one of these days.

"Ben, you going back down?"

"Yes, sir. I got a job."

Mr. Crunkleton examined the bowl of his pipe for a while. "How much the lumber company pay you, Ben?" he asked finally.

"Bed and board and a little wages."

THERE was something wrong with the old man's pipe. He knocked it against the side of a stall, and then looked at it again. "If you should ever quit down there, I'd be right glad to have you work for us, Ben." He knocked the pipe again. "I'd pay you more, too."

Ben untwisted the throat latch on the bridle. "I thank you," he said. Then he looked over at Mr. Crunkleton. "But I'm from the lowlands. I never been up in the mountains much."

"Some people find the mountains kind of lonesome things, all right," the old man said. "But after you've lived with them for a spell you get so you don't want to leave them. But it'd be lonesome for you up here, all right." Then he added, "Maybe."

Judy came down with a basket of food and they got into the wagon.

"Hold up," Mr. Crunkleton said, going stiffly into the harness room. When he came out he was carrying an ax. "You take this with you, Ben. This is the blade that beat the Hammond axman."

Ben argued, but there wasn't anything to do but take it. Judy flapped the reins.

"Remember what I said," Mr. Crun-



"Oh, we overplayed the market. We were offered twenty-seven fifty for her last month!"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY

kleton called as the wagon moved forward.

"I will, and I thank you," Ben told him.

"I'll be back in a little while," Judy said, as Mrs. Crunkleton waved good-by to them.

THE first thing Ben did when he got back to the lumber company was to get the foreman to let him notch-out ahead of the sawyers. By himself in the woods, he practiced the things Judy had taught him. They were on a cruise way over in the valley with about two weeks' cutting in it, and for the first week Ben wouldn't let anyone watch him using Mr. Crunkleton's ax.

By the end of the week, Ben was sure. He announced to the crew that, as soon as they got out of the woods, he was going to find the Hammond axman and whip him cutting. They didn't believe he could do it until Ben got the old mountain ax and showed them what it could do.

They got out of the woods on a Saturday afternoon, and Ben was sitting with the rest of the crew on the boardinghouse porch when they saw the buckboard drive into town. It was painted bright red and had a white, fringed canopy on top. When it pulled up in front of Tutweiler's they could read the yellow writing along the fringe. "Hammond—Best Ax in the World."

"I'll be danged," a jack said. "You don't have to go find him now, Ben."

"And ain't that your gal riding with him?"

Ben looked; it was Rhoda, all right.

The man got out and walked over to the porch. As he came up the steps he looked peeved. The lumberjacks took their feet down off the railing to let him pass, but Ben didn't move.

When he got to Ben he stopped. "I been hearing some tales," he said, his little eyes hard.

"That so?" Ben said.

"I'm finding out if it's so," the man said. "I heard that you've been telling people you can outcut me, Buster."

"You heard right," Ben said.

"I don't like that kind of talk. I whipped you once, and I'll do it again."

"When?" Ben asked.

"Right now."

Ben took his feet down off the rail. "You still got the ten dollars to put up?"

"I got any amount you want."

"Ten's enough. Get us some logs, Pete."

The jacks jumped down off the porch, yelling as they went. The man strolled back to his buckboard. Ben got Mr. Crunkleton's ax and while half a dozen men peeled two logs out in the street, he sat on the porch sharpening the old blade. First he hand-filed it, then he stoned it, then put his belt to it.

The news got around in a hurry and a crowd gathered out in the street. Ben, walking toward them, felt funny in his stomach and his mouth muscles kept sagging.

Rhoda looked pretty in a white dress with a wide red belt and the red shoes. She smiled at him, but Ben just nodded.

The man had set up his rack of axes. He turned to the crowd and said, "I don't care much for a man who won't admit it when he's been whipped fair and square. So I'm going to whip this big talker again."

"Where's the ten dollars?" Ben asked him.

"I got the ten dollars," he hollered. "And I got the gal to hold it till I take it back, Buster." He handed Rhoda a bill. Then he turned to Ben again. "What kind of ax you swinging? I still won't cut against a Hammond."

The crowd was quiet, feeling the anger of the man.

Ben told him quietly, "I'm swinging the same ax that you beat once before."

The people liked that and yelled for Ben to go get him. Rhoda counted for them again and Ben swung.

That old ax could chop wood. Ben stood back from the log and threw the blade into it. As he cut he could almost feel Judy's fingers around his wrist, guiding his hand.

Halfway through, the sweat broke on him, and three-quarters through, his town shirt split up the back.

The man wasn't doing any fancy blade whirling this time, and it looked to Ben like he was right with him, or maybe even a little ahead.

The noises the people were making didn't die down the way they had before—they got louder and louder all the time and to Ben, who was looking only at the narrowing vee of wood, it seemed that everybody was moving—sort of jumping around.

His shirt was pulling across the shoulders and the sweat was streaming down his face, but he was afraid to stop and wipe it out of his eyes. Half blind with it, he kept swinging until his ax went clear through and up to the back in the ground.

There was a great whoop then, and the next thing Ben knew the jacks were trying to lift him up and tote him. He shoved them out of the way and looked at the man's log. It was still in one piece, an inch of the cut left.

When Ben went up to Rhoda she hugged him right in front of everybody. He backed away from her and held out his hand. She had put the money in her pocket and had to get it out again.

Everybody was yelling and milling around as Ben walked over to Tutweiler's and went inside. They followed him in, jamming through the door, and he had a hard time getting where he wanted to go.

The bracelet was in a box lying on some white cotton and it looked real shiny, the stones in it warm. Ben handed Mr. Tutweiler the ten dollars and put the lid on the box.

ON a shelf behind the counter, there was a tray full of wedding rings and Ben leaned over, reading the prices on them. One was just a plain gold band for five dollars. "I want that, too," Ben said, reaching into his pocket and bringing out all his wages for the two weeks.

Somebody hollered, "Oh—oh, Rhoda. You better run."

And somebody else hollered, "Maybe she don't want to."

Ben turned around, and Rhoda was right in front of him. "Here," he said, holding out the box with the bracelet in it.

She would have hugged him again, but Ben ducked out of the way. He looked around until he spotted Pete, a jack in his gang. "Pete, tell the foreman I won't be back Monday," Ben said. "Tell him I won't be back at all."

Rhoda grabbed him by the arm. "Where are you going, Ben?"

Ben just looked at her and started pushing his way out of the store.

"Ben!" Rhoda called, pushing too.

Late afternoon shadows were already coming down the slope of the high mountain. Maybe, Ben thought, he ought to get some provisions to eat along the way. Then he changed his mind. If he walked all night, he figured he'd get there just about breakfasttime. THE END

Five-o'Clock Shadow

I've powdered my nose,
All ready to breeze.
You guessed it! The boss:
"Take a letter, please."

—BETTY ISLER

What Happened to the Fair Deal

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

simply dropped the issue, with the result that the Taft-Hartley Act is still the law of the land.

Curiously enough, Senator Taft was also largely responsible for the Fair Deal's only major victory in domestic matters. This was the multibillion-dollar housing bill, almost identical with the Taft-Ellender-Wagner bill of 1945 which failed of passage. Its success in the Senate was largely due to Senator Taft's unreserved support, and its passage in the House by a narrow margin was also due to the Republican support Senator Taft lined up for it.

"How," one press gallery habitué asked his colleagues, "did the Democrats get a Republican floor leader?"

In his way, Republican Senator Taft was a symbol of the mood and character of the Eighty-first Congress. Like him, many members, both Republicans and Democrats, played on both sides of the Fair Deal fence. The temper of the session was just not sympathetic to a hard, fast coalition.

The President apparently was more aware of this fact, in the later stages of legislation at least, than his speeches would indicate. Behind the scenes he has exerted no direct pressure, threatened no purges, and, thus far, made no efforts to embarrass the members by upsetting their patronage. An old Senator himself, the President seems to have retained an abiding respect for the rights and dignity of a member of Congress.

Some members of the Truman Cabinet adopted an odd tactic which, though it had the ultimate object of trying to soften up the Congress in behalf of the Fair Deal, also served to emphasize the respectful approach. Defense Secretary Louis Johnson, Interior Secretary Julius A. (Cap) Krug and others instituted a series of weekly Congressional lunches to each of which they invited a dozen or 15 members. The guests gathered in the Secretary's sumptuous office, were greeted by the Secretary himself with, "Ah, Mr. So-and-so, it's nice to meet you. I've been hearing of you, and I'm awfully glad you could come."

Political Talk Soft-Pedaled

Then they moved on into an adjoining room where a table big enough for 20 had been spread with snowy napery and glistening glassware. Deft, white-coated waiters served a tasty meal. Sometimes the conversation veered to politics, or measures before the Congress, but most often it simply stayed on a level of cordial get-together. Judged purely by appearances and conversation, the Cabinet officers had no other motive than to get acquainted with the Congress on a bread-breaking level.

"Never in my life here," one old-timer remarked, "have I seen so much butter and molasses being smeared around."

These luncheons may well be a portent. On the record of his past stubbornness, and his tenacious determination in the face of odds, the President could hardly be expected to take the terrific pasting of the Fair Deal and let it go at that. He had said: "I have the right to disagree with Congress, and Congress has the right to disagree with me. In the end it is the people who will decide."

The elections of 1950 undoubtedly will be the time of decision. THE END



"Then after this big build-up about how much we mean to each other . . . guess what he sends me! Flowers!"

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

The Life of Cary Middlecoff

By BILL FAY

Without any of the inspiring benefits of extreme poverty, physical handicaps or parental disapproval, Memphis' golfing dentist has reached the top



Cary won $260 in his first tournament and hit the jack pot when he copped the National Open

HOLLYWOOD script writers have done some wonderful things in their sports biographies. In one memorable scene they inspired Knute Rockne to invent the Notre Dame shift, which had already been invented by Doc Williams at Minnesota. Rockne (Pat O'Brien) wandered into a Chicago theater, scouted a line of high-kicking chorus girls and (fade-out to spring practice field) the Four Horsemen were born.

Then there was this young slugger Babe Ruth who couldn't hit a curve ball until Claire Trevor straightened him out one evening at dinner. "Like this, Babe," Claire murmured, spinning an unbuttered hard roll, and the Great Curve Ball Mystery was solved. The Babe (Bill Bendix) went right out and smacked 60 home runs.

For some reason Hollywood has chosen to immortalize only baseball and football heroes—Ruth, Rockne, Lou Gehrig, Monty Stratton, Tom Harmon and (pretty soon) Frank Leahy. However, it's about time somebody filmed a golf epic, and what's wrong with The Life of Cary Middlecoff? Basically, the Middlecoff story is stark, moving drama (the new National Open champion travels 15,000 miles every year) with just a few minor plot details which may require retouching.



Middlecoff filled 7,000 teeth in the Army and has been filling cavities on the greens ever since

For example, the standard rags-to-riches theme would have to be modified because Middlecoff, the boy, was not a poor-but-honest caddie. Matter of fact, Middlecoff's father, an affluent Memphis dentist, sent Cary to a private school.

And worse luck (from a script standpoint), there weren't any conflicts or frustrations as young Middlecoff grew up. Cary did not have to save his pennies to buy balls, nor did he practice with discarded, rusty clubs. He had a charge account at the pro shop. Nobody pushed him around, either. Without undue exertion he acquired the Memphis prep-school championship, the Memphis city amateur title and the state amateur crown while still in his teens.

There might have been one of those stormy, domineering-father-rebellious-son scenes when Cary began to plan his college studies. But there wasn't. "Guess I'll study dentistry," Cary decided.

"Wouldn't be too hasty," Middlecoff, Sr., counseled. "Why not spend a few weeks in the office. Work around the lab a bit. See if you like it."

Cary worked around the lab for two weeks and liked it. So he studied dentistry, finally earning his degree in 1943 as an Army enlistee on inactive service, whereupon he was commissioned a second lieutenant and filled 7,000 teeth in 18 months, a sequence the script writers may decide to ignore entirely. At least they have never cast Errol Flynn as a dentist in any of his war pictures.

An eye injury hospitalized Middlecoff in 1945. Cary was preparing a porcelain filling when his drill snapped and a speck of carborundum lodged in his right eye. He played some golf toward the end of his nine-month convalescence, then took a 15-day leave and walloped the nation's top pros in the North and South Open—the first and only time the North-South has been won by an amateur.

By all the rules of script writing this unprecedented triumph should have created a tense, emotional scene with Middlecoff—torn between golf and dentistry—appealing to his father for guidance, only it didn't.

"You know, Dad," Cary remarked when he returned to Memphis in 1946, "I think I've got the game to beat those pros, but I wonder if I can take a long enough vacation to prove it—say, two years?"

"Why not?" his dad wanted to know. "You don't have to worry about getting dental experience. You worked on more teeth in the Army than the average young dentist sees in ten years."

"But maybe I ought to be building up a practice."

"Look, son, you aren't going to build much of a practice for a few years no matter what you do. You might just as well turn gray missing four-foot putts as waiting for patients to ring your bell."

Poverty is a convenient script peg and there is an abundance of poverty among first-year golf pros, but Cary was in the money from his opening tee. In his first tournament, the 1947 Jacksonville Open, he finished in a three-way tie for twelfth and collected $260. Two weeks later he hit the jack pot—the $2,000 first prize in the Charlotte Open. His 1947 earnings, $6,119, zoomed to $16,821 last year and will top $25,000 for '49.

Middlecoff even contrived to win the National Open—golf's Academy Award—in typically undramatic fashion. After taking the lead with a blistering 69 in the third round, Cary finished the fourth and last with an inelegant 75. His 286 on Medinah's tough championship course was good for first place among the early finishers, but Cary didn't think it would stand up. When his wife gave him a congratulatory kiss, Cary sighed, "Don't get your hopes up, honey. That Snead's gonna come in like a fire engine and best us out."

But Snead blew a putt on the 71st; Middlecoff was champion. "Well," he said, munching a sandwich in the press tent, "that's that. Guess I'll take a shower."

Gregory Peck would be the fellow to play Middlecoff. Greg is taller and skinnier than Cary but they have the same slow walk, and that's important, because Middlecoff is the slowest, most deliberate shotmaker on the pro circuit.

Of course Peck would not have Middlecoff's naturally perfect golf swing (Cary never had to take a lesson), but that is scarcely a casting obstacle. Gary Cooper couldn't hit a ball but Mrs. Eleanor Gehrig's coaching and the director's judicious use of doubles made Pride of the Yankees a smash hit.

Romance? Well, in 1946 a girl named Edith called on Middlecoff, Sr., her family's dentist for 20 years. Middlecoff, Sr., was busy and the girl was in a hurry, so Middlecoff, Jr., repaired the tiny cavity.

A couple of weeks later Cary phoned Edith for a date. Six months after that, when they were driving home from the country club, Cary said, "I think we ought to get married."

And Edith said, "I think that's a wonderful idea."

Okay, Hollywood, take it away! THE END

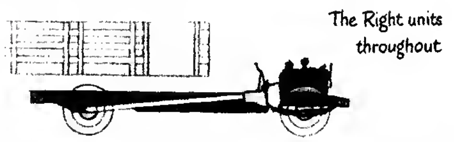
ILLUSTRATED BY CAROL JOHNSON

Play-loads or PAYLOADS

Play-loads or PAYLOADS? When it's a question of transportation, the important thing is to *get there* . . . and at *lowest cost!*

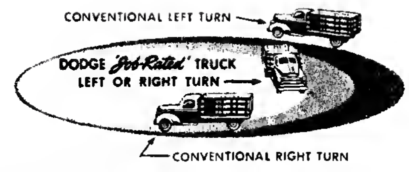
For dependable, low-cost *truck* transportation . . . your truck must *fit your job!*

Engine power must *fit* your job. Frame, transmission, clutch, axles, brakes, springs and tires . . . all must *fit* your job.



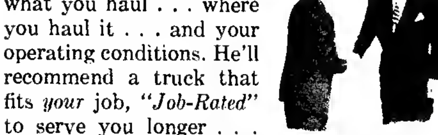
With the right units throughout you save in many ways. You save on gas, oil and tires. You save on maintenance costs. You save with a truck that stays on the job . . . a truck that lasts longer.

In addition, you'll own the easiest handling truck ever built. You can turn at a 37° angle, either right or left. You ride with cushioned



comfort on chair-height seats. You enjoy perfect vision, in all directions. You command the safest brakes ever designed.

To get this kind of efficient, safe, and economical transportation . . . see your Dodge dealer. Tell him what you haul . . . where you haul it . . . and your operating conditions. He'll recommend a truck that fits *your* job, *"Job-Rated"* to serve you longer . . . and to save you money!





FOR THE LOCATION OF YOUR DODGE DEALER, CONSULT THE YELLOW PAGES OF YOUR PHONE BOOK

Movie Maker in a Hurry

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

resist him and it is said that, if Jerry put his mind to it, he could talk his employers into making a movie based on the Los Angeles telephone directory. For this proficiency he receives $2,700 a week and the distinction of being the most sought-after individual producer in Hollywood.

Of all Wald's gifts perhaps the most potent is his ability to cover failure with success. His production accomplishments during the past year constitute a dazzling object lesson in how to get ahead in Hollywood. Wading in with the combined energies of a coal heaver and a Brahman bull, he produced no less than nine films for Warner Brothers.

Only Two Were Really Good

Several of these, including Adventures of Don Juan, One Sunday Afternoon, Flamingo Road, John Loves Mary and To the Victor, were not likely to have made a lasting impression on anyone short of the Warner Brothers themselves. But Johnny Belinda, with a deft assist from Key Largo, was enough to make Jerry Wald Hollywood's man of the year in anybody's estimation. Belinda, which had for its heroine a deaf-mute, surprised its studio by becoming one of the year's conspicuous successes.

For its star, Jane Wyman, it won the Academy Award; for its producer, Wald, it won the highest honor in the industry, the afore-mentioned Thalberg Award which has usually been reserved for the year's top studio head or executive. It has seldom been given to individual working producers.

The headache and the ulcer are very real occupational hazards in Hollywood. Most producers find that scheduling two or three pictures at once is enough to engender both. Wald has no headaches. He does have ulcers. But it is his proud boast that they result from his stormy career on the old New York Graphic in the early thirties. "I am the only man in Hollywood," says Jerry, "who brought his ulcers with him."

Wald's childlike enthusiasm for his work is as touching as it is genuine. "If I were a wealthy man," he explains solemnly, "I would make this business my hobby. I am happy in the Happy Medium."

Today the importance of such a man in the Hollywood scheme has multiplied astoundingly. Once a producer with a reputation could afford to make pictures at a lazy pace, relying on one picture a year to maintain his studio's affluence and his own prestige. But now the war boom is over and revenues are diminishing. The British still persist in their efforts to cut down Hollywood's take in the foreign market. Yet the cost of making movies remains astronomical.

All producers, from executives in major studios to the lowliest independents, are finding it necessary to make cheaper pictures. To make matters worse, as audiences become poorer they also become more critical. It is no longer considered good business to disguise a thin idea in a gaudy set. Anyone in Hollywood today will tell you, in a windy blast of rhetoric, that what is needed is more pictures in which the idea will outshine the setting.

No one knows better than Wald that this is more easily said than done. "You see," he explains with the air of a man composing his own epitaph, "no one deliberately sets out to make a bad picture. It is simply that, in this business, too many things can happen. Start out to make a good picture and the Little Gnomes always slip in."

The Little Gnomes are an important yet little-publicized force in Hollywood. They may turn up in the form of temperamental leading ladies who do not deign to play scenes which, in their opinion, do not suit their talents; directors with grandiose ideas for script changes, or studio bosses who shy away from anything untried or new. Wald is the acknowledged champion gnome fighter of the movie colony.

His allies in his gnome-fighting activities include the telephone and the memorandum. It took him three days of solid talking to persuade Joan Crawford to wear simple $8 dresses without shoulder pads in Mildred Pierce. For Miss Crawford, the celebrated clotheshorse of another decade, this was tantamount to a request that she hawk popcorn at the opening of the Met. Wald convinced his star with 16 phone calls, three and a half memo pads and seven "story conferences." The result made the difference between Miss Crawford's professional demise and a bright new career in motion pictures. Mildred Pierce was one of the hits of the 1945 season and the critics praised it for its realistic feeling.

Wald campaigns so effectively for what he thinks is cinematically right that his studio habitually gives him second-best material and even second-best stars in the belief that he will somehow conjure up luster where none exists. His bosses have learned that all they have to do is shed crocodile tears on his shoulder and murmur sadly, "Jerry, we're in trouble." Wald reacts as if he had just backed into a hot stove.

"What?" he bellows. "You can't lick the script? Now, look. Here's the way I see it. There's this salesman, Robert Montgomery, who meets this sexy dame, Lana Turner, in a night club, see? Now, the guy that owns the night club is Pat O'Brien and he wants Lana to . . ."

Wald's associates at Warners have dubbed him "Bubble Boy" or "Roman Candle" in deference to this talent for effervescent action.

Many Hollywood people sneer at Wald as an opportunist and a borrower. Indeed, the subject of Jerry's originality —or lack of it—may be the town's most consistently controversial after-dinner topic. One widespread notion is that he may have been the model, along with others, for Sammy Glick, the predatory hero of the Budd Shulberg novel, What Makes Sammy Run? From this assumption they conclude that he cribs other people's ideas. Wald is guilty to this extent: He retains most of what he reads, hears and sees. He has the knack of drawing out the best in the people who work for him. He cannot smell a flower on the way to his office without instinctively figuring how to work it into a scene for his next picture.

Qualities a Producer Needs

If this constitutes borrowing, then Wald is a borrower. But these qualities, by definition, are also those which go to make up a good producer. In his feverish search for "good" pictures, he leaves no stone unturned. He subscribes to 69 magazines and periodicals. A Beverly Hills bookstore has a standing order to send him each new play as it is published. Pride of the Marines was suggested by a short news item, and Destination Tokyo was a front-page story in the New York Times.

"No one man makes a picture," says Wald. "He can't, because a picture is a collaboration of the most intimate and complex kind. But, nevertheless, good pictures are made possible by one stubborn mind. I have just one policy. I don't make any Westerns."

Wald prefers to create trends of his

own. The attitude began shortly after he was promoted from writer to producer in 1941. "I just sat down and figured it out," explains Jerry. "There was a war on and I didn't want to be known as the producer who made the best musicals. So I decided to find out what made most war pictures so horrible."

The result of Wald's research is a sort of white paper on movie clichés. He discovered that war plots traditionally fell into one of three classifications: (1) Two men fight over the same girl (Quirt and Flagg in What Price Glory?). (2) The coward (played by Richard Cromwell) goes to war and in reel seven he saves the regiment. And (3) the spoiled playboy arrives on the post swinging a tennis racket. In reel seven he gets his comeuppance. In reel eight the general pins a medal on him.

This breakdown, which sounds merely funny in the telling, actually turned out to be a sensible antidote for what ailed Hollywood's conception of war. Wald realized that the public would no longer swallow the old oil about war being fought between dances at the local country club. Armed with this rudimentary but valuable information, he set out to make what he calls "destination" pictures. Instead of fighting over ingénues, his soldiers merely progressed from place to place in an orderly fashion. The emphasis was shifted from plot per se to a more honest evaluation of character.

The result was five war pictures of superior quality. Air Force (which Wald conceived and wrote, but did not produce) simply reported the flight of a B-17 to Manila and back. Action in the North Atlantic took a freighter through German U-boats to Murmansk—and back. Destination Tokyo detailed life on a U.S. submarine during a mission to Tokyo Bay—and back. Pride of the Marines showed a blind Marine making the trip back to his home in Philadelphia. And Objective Burma took the audience along on a paratroop invasion of Burma.

In recent years Wald has gone in even more heavily for films with topical themes. Most of them stem from his "Future Book" or the "Project File." The former is a plain black notebook in which he jots down all possible grist for the movie mill. At the present moment it contains more that 5,000 notations on plays, books, stories or original thoughts. As a subject becomes "hot," it is placed in the Project File. When a "project" folder becomes an inch thick, Jerry reasons it's time to make a picture about it.

Wald began conditioning himself for Hollywood at a tender age. His early life is a snapshot of the typical urban American boy whose basic instinct is to be successful. He couldn't sing and he couldn't act, but he was determined to be accepted on the same level as those who could. Success was the answer to everything, not in terms of money but in what other people would think of him. His compensation was the acclaim and good fellowship of all the people. And he himself dates his existence from the time he first began to be successful.

Jerry was born Jerome Irving Wald on September 16, 1911, the eldest son of a Brooklyn dry-goods merchant. He inherited his gift of storytelling from his father who was, in many ways, the living reincarnation of Willy Loman, the tragic hero of the current Broadway prize play, Death of a Salesman.

Father Goes on the Road

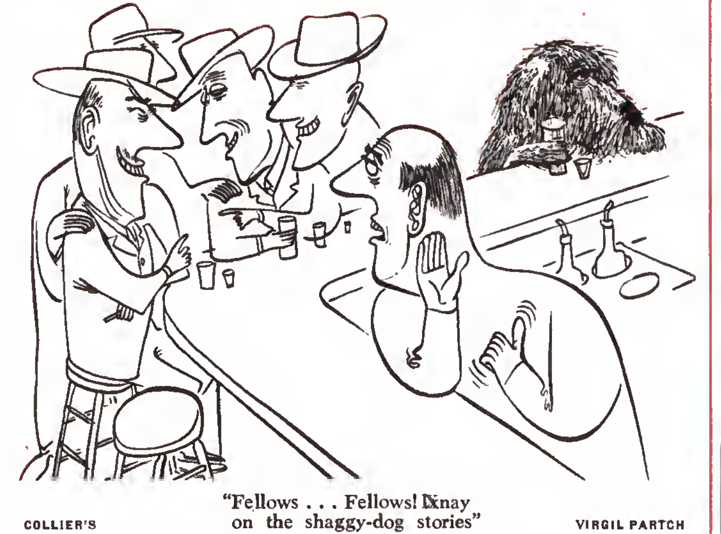
The senior Wald was a large, kindly, solidly built man who brought to salesmanship the romance of the early American medicine man and the ardor of a crusader. Due to reversals in his business he found it necessary in the mid-twenties to go on the road. He became famous as a salesman's salesman, a drummer in the classical sense of the word. Along with his bargains in underwear and hosiery he brought gossip, news and his own ineffable good humor and gregariousness.

When Rudy Wald came home he still told stories. Jerry and his younger brothers, Harold and Malvin, were brought up in "an aura of storytelling." From the senior Wald, son Jerry picked up inventiveness; from his mother, a nervous, tongue-tripping style of delivery. It was from her that he first learned how to hurry.

For 20 years the family lived in the same stucco house on Nineteenth Avenue. Jerry was a skinny kid who ran with the pack. His scholastic record at P S 153 was impaired only by his passion for extracurricular activities.

At Boys' High School, and later at the new James Madison High School, his classmates were Irwin Shaw and Garson Kanin, two pretty successful young men of the theater in their own right today. Jerry played soccer and managed the team, ran the half mile in track, and reported and wrote a column for the school paper. His youngest brother, Malvin, now a successful screen writer in his own right, remembers that Jerry was "an energetic big gun." When he was graduated, Jerry's classmates paid him a backhanded compliment. The senior yearbook elected him "Class Pest."

During his high-school days Jerry hung around the offices of the Century Publishing Company, doing menial jobs



COLLIER'S — "Fellows . . . Fellows! Ixnay on the shaggy-dog stories" — VIRGIL PARTCH

and picking up a taste for journalism along with a little spending money. In September, 1929, he became a freshman at New York University. Because he was majoring in journalism, he got a job as office boy in an advertising agency, but this proved unsatisfactory for a man of his talents. Thus one day in the fall of 1930 a thin, scraggly ferret of a kid turned up in the office of Ted Von Ziekursch, managing editor of the tabloid New York Graphic. He wore a frayed tennis sweater and carried a notebook bearing a NYU sticker.

"I would like to write a radio column," the sophomore said stoutly.

"Well," purred the editor, letting him down as gently as possible, "I'll tell you what you do. Just send in a sample of your work."

Young Jerry had decided on the radio column by laudably cool and logical processes. A radio column was the *only* kind of column the Graphic did not already have! And so he took Von Ziekursch at his word.

Lucky Start as Radio Scribe

Because he knew nothing about radio, he plunged in directly at the source. The next day he turned up at the offices of the Columbia Broadcasting System. Here, by a lucky happenstance, he was greeted by a publicity employee named Robert Taplinger who was just as green and just as ambitious as Jerry was. Taplinger, mistaking Wald for the big operator that he even then wanted to be, seized on the opportunity to promote himself. He took Jerry by the hand and introduced him as a big-shot radio columnist to Ted Husing, Tony Wons and several other important figures at CBS.

Jerry played the part to the hilt. Armed with his new-found sense of power, as well as several sheafs of studio publicity handouts, he hurried home, concocted six columns, and mailed them to Von Ziekursch. A week later he opened up the Graphic to read "Not on the Air, by Jerry Wald." Shortly thereafter he was hired at the princely sum of $12.50 a week. "It was an incredible experience," Wald enthuses today. "I was entranced. For a nineteen-year-old kid it was a glamorous adventure."

Jerry soon began to make a mark for himself in his new job. He cultivated all the press agents and celebrities he could get in touch with. He made it his business to know the exact time and location of all the best testimonial dinners and other possible sources of free meals. His column, Not on the Air, whose title by this time had been changed to The Walds Have Ears, began to take apart everyone from Rudy Vallee to Merlin Aylesworth, president of the National Broadcasting Company.

When Vallee, enraged by repeated digs at his talent, took a sock at Jerry outside Lindy's restaurant one night, the ensuing unpleasantness made the front page of the Daily News. "Crooner and Columnist in Bloody Battle," screamed the headlines.

His feud with the NBC president resulted in his being barred from the company's broadcasting studios. Finally the executive relented and called Jerry in for a peace conference. When he saw what his young adversary looked like, Aylesworth burst out laughing.

By this time Wald had quit NYU after two years and his salary had been raised to $50 a week. But his well-being was short-lived. On July 16, 1932, he slammed the sports announcer, Graham McNamee, in his column and slammed him a little too hard. Von Ziekursch could no longer put up with the numerous complaints lodged against his radio reporter. He fired Wald.

Now there is no sadder spectacle than a columnist without a portfolio. The characters up and down Broadway were not quite as anxious to please as they once were. And the waiters at Lindy's gave him the cold shoulder. But he bounced back with a job as press agent at the Park Central Hotel. He busily set about corralling celebrities to liven up the hotel ballroom. But three weeks later the Park Central fired the young ball of fire.

Luckily, Jerry had several other irons in the fire. He used his radio connections to talk Warner Brothers into letting him make six short subjects featuring radio stars. The series was called Rambling 'Round Radio Row. He also dabbled in fan magazine writing.

He ghostwrote a piece for the late Russ Columbo, who was fast supplanting Vallee as the singing idol of the day, called Columbo Discovers. Through a friend the story was brought to the attention of Dick Powell, then a reigning Warner Brothers star, who thought the life story of the crooner would make a capital musical. Thus its author, Wald, came to Hollywood in the fall of 1933 to collaborate on the script. The result was Twenty Million Sweethearts starring Powell, Pat O'Brien and a newcomer named Ginger Rogers. But when the picture finished, Wald was rudely dropped by the studio. Licking his wounds he returned to New York.

The following March there took place an incident as dramatic as anything that ever occurred in a Wald movie. The head of the studio, Jack L. Warner, was taking his first look at Twenty Million Sweethearts in a New York projection room. At the back of the room sat Wald. When the lights came up and Warner's enthusiasm for the film was evident, a well-meaning friend pushed Jerry forward and introduced him to Warner as "the man who wrote Twenty Million Sweethearts."

"Well," said Warner in surprise. "What are *you* doing back East? A little vacation?"

"No, sir," replied Wald gloomily. "Don't you remember? You fired me." The next train took Jerry Wald back to Hollywood for good.

Real Talent Develops Slowly

In the years between 1934 and 1941, Jerry wrote or collaborated on 32 movies, including one with Vallee, now an old friend. Most of them were characterized by footloose characters out of the quasi-cosmopolitan world he knew best, and by titles like Hard to Get, The Kid from Kokomo, Naughty but Nice, and Three Cheers for the Irish. The fast-talking press agent, a sort of composite of Hildy Johnson, Con Conrad and Wald himself, was a recurrent figure in most Wald pictures, and was supposed to have been Wald's invention. But not until the late thirties did his real talent begin to assert itself.

Meantime he had married a small, dark, rich girl named Eleanor Rudolph in 1935. The marriage broke up in less than a year. Jerry moved into a two-bedroom duplex with some friends. This modest edifice, known to its habitués as "Boys' Town," was a sort of catchall for unattached young geniuses. In Jerry they found a peerless new ringleader.

Wald was no longer the skinny runt he had once been. Too much free chicken à la king had taken its toll and he was known as "Porky."

By the time he became a producer in 1941, making movies had become for Jerry an all-consuming passion. He was like a miler running against the clock. It was as if he lived in mortal terror of waking up one morning to discover that he no longer had an idea, that Hollywood had forgotten Jerry Wald, or that he was again just a grubby little radio columnist out of a job. One of his many unofficial biographers has explained it: "Jerry always has had a fiery compulsion to produce as many pictures as he could. His prolific output is evidence for him that he is where he is."

Two Good Influences at Work

Wald's "fiery compulsion" might have been merely ridiculous had it not been for two powerful influences. One was his old Broadway friend, Mark Hellinger, who by 1936 had switched from newspaper columning to producing pictures, and the other was Connie Polan, whom he married on Christmas Day, 1940. Hellinger taught him the difference between being merely flashy and lending certain overtones of detachment and interpretation to his flash. For Wald this distinction was, and still is, discerned more by instinct than by intellectual evaluation. The powerful roadhouse scene in They Drive by Night, featuring the truck drivers, waitresses, tarts and hangers-on that he knew so well, still marks the moment when Jerry became semiliterate as a movie maker.

Connie Polan taught him how not to waste his energies on unimportant matters. A small-town girl from West Virginia, she had done some modeling for Hattie Carnegie in New York before she came to California and met Jerry. She quickly perceived that any woman silly enough to marry Jerry would have an eternal, insuperable rival—the movie business. And just as quickly, she married him anyway.

The Walds live with their children, Robert, seven, and Andrew, three, in an elaborate New England-style farmhouse strategically located in the middle of fashionable Beverly Hills. The master of the house rises at seven thirty and sits down to a medically prescribed breakfast of toast and coffee. He leaves for the studio in his 1947 sedan shortly before 8:30 A.M. But if he is particularly pressed that week, he may get to the studio as early as six thirty in the morning. He finds it easier to work in the early hours.

His day is hectic, but well organized in the sense that he is a busy man who has time for everything. The first two hours of the morning are reserved for mail, memoranda or wires to New York to find out what's cooking at Forty-second and Broadway. At ten thirty, conferences begin with writers, art directors, actors, location managers, *couturières,* publicity men, columnists or just about anyone else who insists on seeing him.

His phone keeps up an interminable obbligato throughout. He is never too busy to exchange the latest studio gossip with a friend or to chat with a female columnist. If the phone should not ring a decent number of times, he actually feels neglected. And he makes many calls himself. They may be to old cronies from his Boys' Town days, to "sources" in New York, or merely to casual friends.

Wald finishes at the office by five thirty or a quarter of six, just in time to see the day's rushes. He is home by seven. The first thing he wants to know is whether anyone is coming for dinner. If so, he hurries into his book-lined

Next Week

GOOD JOBS FOR GOOD GIRLS • MONDAY COME HOME An Unforgettable Tale

study in order to get in a little reading before the guests arrive. Twice a week he runs a double feature at home, using a pair of 35-mm. projectors. And twice a week he goes to bed early (at eight o'clock) in deference to his doctor and his mild case of stomach ulcers. As often as not, his friend Oscar Levant calls or comes by of an evening.

Levant occupies a special position in Wald's world. Jerry first brought the professional pianist and wit to Hollywood for the movie Rhapsody in Blue, and Oscar liked the atmosphere so much he stayed. Jerry promptly staked out Levant as a friend of his. Levant was not Hollywood. Instead, he was Broadway—smart, sophisticated Broadway, a cut or two above the Broadway in which Wald had been schooled. Levant became an important milestone along the road to what Jerry, among other things, would dearly love to be: a true cosmopolite. Wald, on the other hand, appears to be some kind of milestone in Levant's life, too. The two of them chatter on endlessly, trying to outdo each other's stories and top each other's jokes.

It is miraculous, then, considering his heavy schedule, that Jerry still finds time for his children. But he does. Saturday afternoons are devoted to long 16-mm. sessions of Tarzan and Mickey Mouse, eagerly attended by Jerry himself. On Sunday he sleeps until, at noon, it is time to take the kids to the beach.

"Yes," says Connie, "Jerry is a good father. He manages *that* very well, too."

Varied Themes for New Films

Since early last month Wald has been busier than ever before. In addition to shooting six pictures and preparing to shoot 11 more, he is mulling over a myriad of other projects. They include movies dealing with such dissimilar subjects as socialized medicine, unwed mothers and the life of Jack Benny (played as a lampoon of screen biographies).

Already he is well into the filming of Young Man with a Horn, the story of the late, great cornet player, Bix Beiderbecke; The Glass Menagerie, from the Tennessee Williams play and starring Jane Wyman; a Milton Berle comedy called Always Leave Them Laughing; The Cage, a story about a women's prison with an all-female cast; and Perfect Strangers, a study of 12 jurors who come to serve justice and bring their prejudices with them.

In addition, he will be pushing forward with plans for a new $2,000,000 playhouse with which he and his partners, Gregory Peck, John Garfield, Henry Fonda, Gene Kelly, Deborah Kerr and several others, hope to bring the legitimate theater to Beverly Hills. In between times he is thinking about television. "At the moment," he explains, "I am just an interested looker. Television is in such a crude stage that nobody knows. But I will be there when the time comes."

What Movie Makers Don't Know

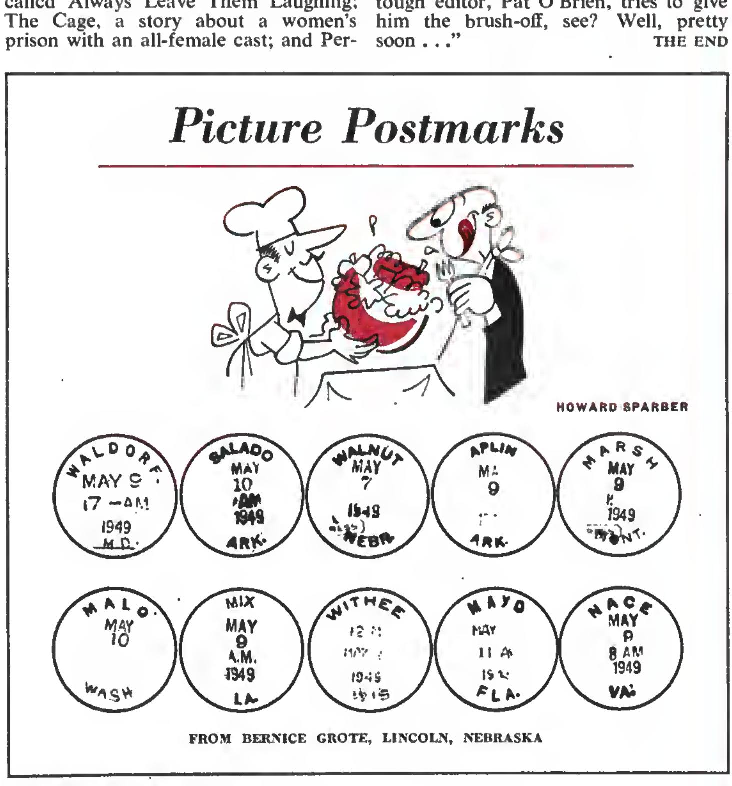
If Wald has a weakness, it is perhaps that, because he is so busy making movies, he is deprived of the normal experience of everyday living. This can prove to be a serious limitation, but one which he shares with many other movie makers. They are apt to know little about the ordinary man whose trials and tribulations they try to interpret on the world's screens. They have forgotten what it is like to live on $75 a week.

Wald has an advantage over them. He cares neither for swimming pools, gin rummy, parties nor any of the other fripperies which normally characterize life among the Hollywood great. He does not smoke or drink. And he can remember all too vividly the day when he had to scramble to determine where his next meal was coming from. The memory of that spurs him on. Then, too, he is trying to live down Sammy Glick.

But Wald doesn't have to worry. His professional competence and fervor for his work combine with an insatiable curiosity and fondness for people to make him a sort of poor man's white hope for the movie industry.

There is not much that escapes Wald's notice, but occasionally something does. Recently a friend suggested that Jerry had completely passed up one of the best movie bets of all, namely, his own life story.

"Say, that's great," he cried. "Now, look, here's the way I see it. There's this hep young punk from Brooklyn, Robert Montgomery. He tries to get a job on a big New York daily, but the tough editor, Pat O'Brien, tries to give him the brush-off, see? Well, pretty soon . . ." THE END



Private Office

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

self-consciously and ran his fingers through his hair. "Not quite," he said.

"Now, Corey," Deems said, "I don't want to run down the Clipper Mills contest, you understand. Of course, it's what an older salesman would call an insult to the intelligence, in this day and age especially. But I got you in here, after the Army, and I feel—"

"Marines."

"Marines. I got you in here, and naturally I have your interests at heart. I don't want you to be fooled, Corey. Don't let a thing like this get you off your stride. Stride is everything, in the long run. An occasional contest is all right, in a juvenile way, but don't lean on it. You got to take the long view."

He picked up his newspaper and put it down again. "Watch general conditions. Financial news, carloading, steel output, business index, and so on." He indicated a card file on his desk. "Everything alphabetical. There I got the names of my accounts, cross-filed and so on, notations of conditions according to what business they are in. Everything up to date. If they're printers, I make notes of what customers they got, in what lines. Different colors of cards. It's my own system."

Corey nodded. "Does it work all right?" he asked.

DEEMS laughed a little. "From the minute I got my private office here, where I could sit back and think, really think, I've had no trouble at all. Why, ever since the start of the war, you might say, orders have kept coming in. My main trouble has been to find the paper to sell. Take this sailboat race, or whatever it is—it's ten, twenty years behind the times. We got a different world today, Corey. Right now I'm branching out, making a study of world conditions, world affairs. Subscribed to a new magazine only day before yesterday. Next week I'm starting a new file, a world file. The way I look at things—"

"Sales meeting. Final contest meeting. You two."

They looked around at the girl who stood in the doorway. She was bright and fresh and beautiful and smiling. "Good morning, Dorothy," they both said.

"Excuse me, Deems," Dorothy said kindly, "but they're ready to start the meeting in there, to discuss winding up the sales contest with a bang, and he wants everybody. It's the last day, you know."

Deems laughed. "Timpkins and his boats. What do you say, Corey?"

Corey said, uneasily, "I don't think I'll go in this morning, Dot. I've been talking it over with Deems, and the way we look at it—"

"Corey!" Dorothy stamped her foot. She looked at Deems indignantly. "You leave Corey alone, Deems. Do you hear?"

Deems shifted in his chair, "I was only telling Corey, here, the way I have got to where I am at, with a private off—"

"Never mind!" She took Corey's arm. "Now look, Deems, I'm not important. I'm just a working girl, secretary to Mr. Timpkins, but really just another stenographer, if you know what I mean. But it wouldn't do you any harm—I mean you—to come in and find out why you're last in the whole contest."

"Why, that's kindergarten stuff—" Deems began.

"Oh, stop it! Corey, come with me."

Corey looked at her, looked at Deems; he grinned a little and followed her out of the office. . . .

When Deems got home for lunch, Anna, his wife, was in the kitchen. He had come up the back stairs. He took her in his arms and kissed her; then he sat down at the kitchen table before a plate of sandwiches.

Anna poured the coffee. "How did it go this morning, dear?"

"Fine," Deems said promptly.

"Did you"—she hesitated—"make any sales?"

Deems cleared his throat. "Nothing actually closed this morning, Anna. But things are fine, everything is wonderful. Business as a whole is improving, bank clearings steady, carloadings—" He stopped, and looked with distaste at the sandwich he had picked up. "You know, I'm getting a little tired of these cheese sandwiches every noon. Why can't we have a steak now and then?"

Anna placed her hands on her hips and looked down at him, grimly. "Sirloin or porterhouse?" she asked.

"Sirl—" Deems looked up. "Oh, all right." He took a bite of his sandwich and chewed it and swallowed it. "I'm



"Now the first few days you can just memorize the firm name"

COLLIER'S — NED HILTON

starting a new card file," he said, "on world trends."

"I see," Anna said. She sat down. "Are you still last in the Clipper Mills contest?"

"That thing! Darling, a man in my position can't be dashing out of his private office to chase up dinky orders on account of some silly ships on a silly map. Why, it would throw me off stride, dear. Stride is everything, take it from a senior salesman. You know that. You weren't Timpkins' secretary six years for nothing, Anna. I was telling Corey just this morning—"

"When I was there," Anna said evenly, "you were right up front in all the contests. Is Corey still ahead?"

"Yes. And it's the last day. You know, I have an idea he's going with Dorothy Herron, Timpkins' secretary. Your old job. A mighty nice girl. I'd like to see that come off."

"I don't know her, but Corey's such a fine boy. When he first came out of the Army, and you—"

"Marines. There's a difference, you know."

"Marines, then. I liked him when you brought him home." Anna hesitated for a moment. "Deems, I don't want to change the subject, but do you realize that we're just about out of money?"

Deems leaned back in his chair and thrust his thumbs into the armholes of his vest. "Well, it's a mighty funny thing. I don't know what the world's coming to. Now you take general conditions today, all indications—"

"Wait a minute," Anna said. She got up and went into the bedroom. A little later a weird screech filled the small apartment. Deems leaped from the table, and toward the bedroom. At the door, coming out of it, he met Anna. Her hands were at her face. Then again the screech came.

"Anna!" He cried in agony.

His wife took her hands from her face; she was smiling and she held something bright and shiny. She handed it to him. "The hog caller," she said. "To help 'Bring Home the Bacon' in the Extra Money Farm Contest. Remember? You won."

Deems took a deep breath. "You frightened me," he said. "Why are you keeping that thing around here?"

"I wanted to." Anna had a large cardboard box under her arm. "They've been on the top shelf in the closet there, because I wanted them." She opened the box and took out a gilt paddle and a brightly colored ball. "'Keep The Ball Rolling,'" she said. "The first Clipper Mill contest."

"Oh, throw that junk away," Deems said disgustedly.

"Maybe you don't remember the day they gave them out."

Deems looked foolish. "I guess I do," he said.

"Our first date." Anna took a miniature baseball bat from the box. "You hit ten doubles, stole seven bases, drove in forty runs in all, and on the last day you hit a homer. You won the prize that year. The baseball contest. That's where we got our radio."

Deems scratched his nose. "The radio's no good."

"It was then. But that wasn't all I was thinking of, dear. Something else happened that year. Try to remember."

Deems tried. "We got married," he said.

"Yes. Remember the night you asked me? Rather, the night you *told* me? We both stayed late at the office, to see if anybody threw in a last-minute clincher, a holdout, bigger than yours, and win over you. We were nervous. We had supper at the Coffee Pot. We made some plans."

Deems picked up the small bat and swung it with all his might. "Homer!" he cried. He tossed it back into the box. Anna returned the box to the closet shelf. They went into the kitchen. Anna poured a final cup of coffee as Deems sat down. He pushed his cup slowly aside and passed a hand across his forehead. "I'm sorry," he said. "I guess our plans didn't exactly work out."

"We've been happy, Deems," Anna said. "You know I'm not complaining, dear."

"Of course I do. It isn't in you, Anna." Deems looked up at her. She sat down opposite him and said quietly, "Deems, I want you to do something for me. Now please don't get impatient. I've been away from the office for years now, ever since we've been married, and I know things have been different, especially during the war when you could sell all the paper you could dig up and not even have to try—they begged you for it. But now we're back to sales contests again. This Clipper one is the first, and I think I know what that means."

"The kindergarten," Deems said. "Phooey!"

"It means a buyers' market again, dear," Anna said firmly. "Where people have to really get out and sell."

Deems rubbed his chin. "Take the basic economy—"

"I know. But look, Deems, I just don't want you to be last in this sales contest. That's what I want you to do for me. I know you think it's silly, and maybe you're right, but in the old days when you were out there pounding the pavement, no private office, just a place to sit down and rest and write up your orders, you— Well, it was better. I'm honestly getting a little frightened, the way it is now, dear. I don't mean to be unkind, but—do you know what I mean?"

"I guess so," Deems said. He sipped his coffee, finished it, picked up a spoon and carefully scraped the sugar from the bottom of the cup. He looked up. "Anna, it's too late, in any case. Now that I see how you feel about it, I'll give it a try next time. But this contest closes at seven this evening."

"Well, that means you have all afternoon. How about the Silverstein account? You haven't mentioned Sam Silverstein in I don't know how long. Why don't you go to see Sam?"

Deems hesitated. "I gave that account away. I turned it over to Corey when he first came with us. I thought I told you."

"I'd forgotten. How about the Allerton Press?"

"I'd have to look at my card files," Deems said uneasily.

"I see. If I were you, Deems, I'd go right over and talk to Harry Allerton. Sit on his desk, the way you used to, maybe look through his plant, and get yourself a nice order. If you tell him about the contest he'll do it for you."

Deems looked out the window. "Maybe I could go out and make a call or two," he said slowly. He turned to Anna and grinned. "Possibly I could pick up a ton or two. Not win, of course."

"Just so you're not last."

"Maybe I won't be." Deems got up and went around the table and leaned over and kissed his wife. "Like old times," he said.

"Like old times," Anna said.

RETURNING to the office late that afternoon, about six o'clock, Corey Lawrence met Dorothy just coming out. He changed his direction and they walked along together.

"What's the score now?" Corey asked.

"You're in, Corey," Dorothy said as she took his arm. "You've won. Steve Archer put in that clincher we were afraid of, about four o'clock I think it was, and it put him only four tons ahead. So the Silverstein fifteen tons will do it for you."

"My first contest," Corey said. He laughed a little. "Well, I tried. Of course maybe it's silly, just as Deems

said this morning. Have you entered it? The Silverstein?"

"Not yet; it's still in my desk. I have to go back to the office anyway, after supper, till seven o'clock. To be there at the finish, just in case."

"I'll go back with you, then maybe we could go to a movie—to celebrate. Not much of a celebration, I'm afraid."

"Good enough for me," Dorothy said. "Your having won it is the main thing, Corey. Let's grab a bite here at the Coffee Pot. I haven't too much time."

THEY turned into the small lunchroom and sat at a table near a window. A waitress came and they ordered.

"Oh, I almost forgot to tell you," Dorothy said. "I guess my mind was on the contest. Corey, they're going to fire Deems. Mr. Timpkins is going to do it in the morning. I think they would have done it today, except that Deems has been out all afternoon. It's for his own good, the way they see it. The way he has acted about this contest hasn't done him a bit of good, and then there's that private office of his. They think if Deems were with some other company, where he'd have to get out and hustle, he'd be all right."

"Maybe if they'd talk to him," Corey said.

"They've tried."

Corey lighted a cigarette and looked out the window. The waitress brought their coffee and sandwiches.

After a while Dorothy said, "You're quiet tonight."

"I was thinking about Deems," Corey said. "I was thinking that if he could just show a little something in the contest they might not do it. He's still last, isn't he?"

"Of course. Not by too much, really, but last. But that's only a part of it, as they said this afternoon. I believe they felt the main part of it was his cooping himself up in the private office."

"But a good order on the contest would help."

"Of course it would help. Why?"

"The Silverstein order. You remember Deems gave me that account when I first came here, to help me get a start. Well, that possibly could make the difference, with Deems. The job, I mean. For us, it's just a small television set, for first prize. I mean—for me. I—that is, for us." Corey grinned, flushing. "Darn it, there I go. Not even any moonlight. I didn't mean to do it this way, Dot, sitting in a lunchroom. I didn't mean it to be this way, but it just slipped out." He reached for her hand. "But anyway—will you?"

She looked at him steadily. "I think you know, Corey."

"But tell me. Just tell me."

"Yes. Oh, yes! And we can wait for the moonlight. Sunday we can walk in the park again, and you can say it all over. I love you, Corey. I'm so glad—Oh, hello, Deems."

Deems stood before them. He looked tired. "Hello, kids," he said. He sat down, heavily. "I saw you through the window and thought I'd stop for a minute. Just going to the office." He slapped Corey on the back. "The winner!" He looked at Dorothy. "Is he in?"

"It looks that way," she said.

"Good. Now that you've got a television set, Corey, you ought to have some kind of home to put it in. Can't sit around and enjoy a television set alone, you know."

Dorothy smiled at him. "He's not going to, Deems."

"That's the spirit," Deems said. "You take a couple of young—" He stopped, and looked from one to the other. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

Corey grinned. "Just a minute ago," he said.

"Well, well, well. Now do you know, I can't imagine a thing I'd rather hear, rather see, than just this. I was saying to Anna—congratulations! Congratulations, both of you!"

"For me, you mean," Corey said. "I'm the one. Have a cup of coffee with us, Deems?"

Deems hesitated. "Now I'm sorry, mighty sorry, but I've just got to get to the office, a little work to do, and I'm afraid I'm going to be late for supper the way it is."

"We'll be over at the office for a few minutes, later," Dorothy said. "I've got to hang around until seven."

Deems got up. "I'll probably see you," he said.

He left them and walked to the office, not too briskly, and entered. He paused for a moment at the contest map, read the figures on the ships, then went on to his private office. As he walked down the aisle formed by the now-deserted desks, he glanced at the office clock. Twenty to seven. Whistling softly, he turned on the light in his office, put his hat on the shelf, and sat down at his desk. From his inside coat pocket he took out an order form, roughly filled in with pencil, spread it out and looked at it.

Then, shoving it aside, he took out the drawer of his card file, held it over the wastebasket and turned it upside down. He watched the bits of colored pasteboard, on which he had put in so much time, flutter into limbo, then began to clean out his desk.

DEEMS looked up to see Dorothy and Corey coming toward him. He leaned back in his chair. "Come in," he called.

They stopped at the door. Corey looked at the desk, the things piled up, the empty file drawer, the wastebasket now overflowing. "Well, what goes on, Deems?" he asked.

Deems passed a hand across his forehead. "To tell the truth, I'm giving up the office. It—ah—never was really big enough anyway. You know, Corey, things are changing a little, these days. I had lunch with a rather important person this noon and the way I figure it, personally, we're coming into a buyers' market. This means just one thing, the way I analyze it: Get out on the old street again.

"That's my advice, as of right now, and I'm even taking it myself. I'm moving to that empty desk out there, and I'm going to use it for a place to park myself when I come in to write up a few orders, and so on. That's my decision. It may not set too well with Timpkins, quitting my private office like this."

Dorothy and Corey exchanged quick glances.

"I don't think he'll mind," Dorothy said.

Dorothy looked back at the empty general office. "Looks like all orders are in," she said, "but anyway I've got to go over to Mr. Timpkins' office and wait till seven."

Deems lifted a hand to them as they turned away, then went through the last two drawers of his desk. When he had finished, he took the things he had saved and carried them out to the salesman's vacant desk at the end of the row next to the windows, back in a corner of the office, and put them on it. As he was returning, he met Dorothy and Corey coming out of Timpkins' office.

"Well," he said jovially, glancing at the clock, "I see you're cheating a little."

"I'm not like some other girls, always hinting about PRESENTS, wanting a RING, maybe a DIAMOND, wanting to be ENGAGED, always talking MARRIAGE, a HOME, CHILDREN . . ."

COLLIER'S SIDNEY HOFF

"Everything's in that's coming in," Dorothy said, "and we want to make the first show."

"Okay, I won't snitch on you," Deems said. "After all, you've had a pretty big day, all around. What do you say, Corey?"

Corey waited a moment. "Deems," he said, "I didn't win the contest. Archer put in a clincher while we were away and beat me by four tons." He laughed a little. "But it doesn't make any difference. Dot and I have talked it over, and the way we look at it, the television set has already served a mighty good purpose. We're happy. And just as you say, what's a sales contest?"

Deems snapped his fingers. "But—do you mean to tell me you didn't hold a clincher of your own? Why, Corey, damn it, you always hold a clincher in a contest like this, boy. Now I'm just as sorry as I can be about this; I couldn't be any sorrier. Confound it, it's my fault. I was wrong about the contest, the silly way I talked this morning. I gave you a bum steer. And now especially with you two getting married. Why, it would be something to look back to all the rest of your lives, a thing to remember on a day like this. I'm terribly sorry."

"Corey'll win the next one, Deems," Dorothy said.

"Oh, hell, I know that. But just the same— Just the same . . . Well, good night, folks." Deems turned away. . . .

When they were out on the sidewalk, Dorothy took Corey's arm and squeezed it tightly. "Corey, I don't know when I've been happier," she said.

"You're not sorry we decided to do it? The Silverstein order for Deems?"

"Sorry? Oh, darling, of course I'm not sorry. I was proud that you were winning the contest, but now I'm much prouder. You don't know how much. The minute I saw Deems cleaning out his office, and then heard what he had to say, I knew exactly what you were going to do."

"We," Corey said.

"What we were going to do," Dorothy said. "Over at the Coffee Pot, when I could see you were thinking of doing it, I wasn't sure giving up winning the contest would really help. But then we both knew it would." She laughed. "I was amused at Deems speaking of a clincher. We had a clincher all right—for Deems. We got him out of the cellar. Just barely, but enough for a new chance for him."

"The trouble is," Corey said, "he'll win all the contests from now on."

"Let him," Dorothy said. "He's no longer a kid, and we're young. We don't need anything. Not a thing. But us."

UPON leaving Dorothy and Corey, Deems went to his private office, took his hat from the shelf and put it on. He picked up the filled-in order blank from the otherwise cleared desk, looked around the little office for just a moment, then closed the door behind him.

He walked to Timpkins' office, snapped on the light, and sat down at Dorothy's desk. He took the cover from her typewriter and laid it aside. He looked at his order, then crumpled it and threw it into the wastebasket. He found some fresh forms in a drawer of the desk, tore one off and put it into the typewriter. With great pains, being sure to poke the right keys, he filled it in:

Customer: The Allerton Press.

Item: Fifteen tons of No. 1 Spcl 70-lb Coated.

Salesman: Corey Lawrence.

Then, after looking at his watch, he added the time, two minutes to seven, and the notation, "On Contest."

He took the order out of the machine and was just slipping it into the basket on the desk of Mr. Timpkins when the phone rang, nearly frightening him out of his wits. It was the night trunk line, almost at his elbow.

It was Anna. "Deems!" she said. "I didn't expect to get you so quickly. You must be in Timpkins' office."

"I was just passing," Deems said uncomfortably.

"I see. Is everything all right? You're late for supper."

"Everything is fine," Deems said. "Anna, please don't worry about me. I can find my way around."

"I know. And how did you do this afternoon?"

Deems waited a few seconds. "I didn't do very well. In fact—nothing. I'm sorry, Anna. But I really tried."

"That's what counts, dear," Anna said. "And did Corey hold his lead?"

"Oh, sure. He won. Isn't it fine, on his first contest? And another thing, I was right about him and Dorothy. I hit it right on the nose. They're going to be married."

"You're always right, dear," Anna said.

"I was this time, anyway. And it just happened tonight, the night he won the contest. Remind you of anything?"

Anna laughed. "Of course it does. Now please hurry home. Know what we're going to have?"

"Of course I do," Deems said promptly and loudly. "Steak!"

"Sirloin," Anna said.

"Just now leaving," Deems said. "Right this minute. Get the table set and I'll be there in ten minutes. Just exactly seven, now. I'll be there in no time at all—and I love you." THE END

Skid Row—U.S.A.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

run slightly over 20 per cent alcohol and are therefore about half the strength of a shot of whisky.

There is a popular police theory across the nation that the "winos" (or "wineeos" as some Chicagoans call them) will drink fortified wines because they keep a man drunk longer. The winos disagree. I was told at least a hundred times in response to my question, "I drink wine because I can't afford whisky." When a Skid Row bum does have a stake he drinks hard liquor.

The business of getting a drink starts with the dawn. The haggard man walks around with one hand outstretched. In that hand is a nickel or a dime. He hails each passing comrade with "I got a dime." The other in turn sings back how much he has. They join forces and continue the search for a third and fourth, or until they have among them enough to get a bottle.

There are certain customs and etiquettes observed. The largest contributor usually gets the first drink, but after that it is rotation drinking without regard to contribution. If two men have enough to buy a pint they will do so, but not three. Three will wait until they have a fourth, and perhaps even a fifth man, in order to get a larger bottle. A noncontributor often can get a drink. However, custom limits him to just one, unless he has spent the night in jail. He may then join the rotation. These gentle rules apply everywhere except in New York. There, Bowery protocol is: No money, no drink.

Shelter is a distant second need to alcohol in the Skid Row pattern. Food is a bad third. Even in the mildest of weather the bum wants a bed or, as he calls it, a "flop." He knows he must sleep and his need for a bed is one per cent comfort and 99 per cent sheer survival. If he sleeps in a park or an alley he can reasonably expect to have his shoes stolen and his pockets sliced out of his pants. He will be too drunk either to know or to resist.

Many Names for Flophouses

The commonest of Skid Row shelters are the flophouses. The entrepreneurs of these substandard stables prefer to call their hostelries "lodginghouses." The clients of the "lodginghouses" prefer such basic descriptive terminology as "fleabag," "scratch house," "flophouse" and a long series of accurate, but unprintable, names. Prices vary slightly the country over, but the difference is not great. In general a dormitory cot costs a quarter and a private room usually sets a guest back about a half dollar.

The private rooms, called "bird cages," are six feet by four feet and contain a bed and a locker. The walls are built at least two feet short of the ceiling, and wire netting stretches across the top of each cell. This netting is a ventilating device, and as the evening wears on, ventilation progressively becomes less of a blessing.

Each floor of a flophouse has a few "suites." These are rooms which have windows. They rent for 15 or 20 cents more than the regular rooms. They also have electric lights, a rarity in the majority of lodginghouses.

Many flophouses are patent firetraps. New York and Chicago authorities have recently cracked down on the proprietors. But they remain firetraps, nevertheless.

Anybody (male) gets into a flophouse by plopping down the necessary fee and muttering a name to the clerk. The clerk tosses the guest a key and scribbles down his interpretation of the name.

All you get for your money is a flop. If you smoke you get tossed out. If you have a visitor in your room you both get thrown out. If you make any noise (not uncommon when you go to bed with a jug) you get the heave-ho. Seldom does anyone get back his money when evicted.

Credit regulations are basic the country over. There is no credit except for the steadiest customers and pensioners. A steady customer is defined as a man in residence for more than six years. He can expect two nights' lodging on credit, then out he goes. The pensioner gets a better break simply because his check comes to the hotel, and the management forces him to endorse it on the spot. These rare courtesies are likely to be withdrawn immediately if the recipient forgets to tip the clerk. Strangely, the itinerant guests invariably tip the clerk a nickel or a dime.

Some Skid Row bums, usually pensioners, live in the same flophouse 15 and 20 years. Two of the Four Horsemen gallop the corridors of the nation's fleabags 24 hours a day. The ambulance and the hearse are almost as common as the patrol wagon which makes regular rounds picking up drunks out of the gutters.

It is impossible to get statistics on the Skid Row death rate but Chicago, whose Skid Row population varies seasonably between 7,000 (spring and summer) and 15,000 (winter), reported last winter that 50 corpses a month are found in the Skid Row area. Another 50 persons are removed from Skid Row to die in hospitals.

Missions sometimes have dormitories and "bird cages." The missions are cleaner and invariably more expensive than a hotel flop. They are not popular with the Skid Row bums because their admittance requirements are higher than the flophouses.

In many cities there are also dilapidated rooming houses which usually cater to a reasonably permanent clientele. A lady in Kansas City runs one which has eight pensioners. None of the guests has seen his check in months. She handles everything.

When a Skid Row bum is without a flop for the night he "is carrying the banner." When he is tormented with a hang-over that screams for a nerve-placating drink he is "sick." A bum who says he is "sick" or "carrying the banner" can be certain of relief from his fellow bums if among them they can dig up the necessary funds.

Soup and coffee are the staple items of a Skid Row diet. Where prices are high (40 to 50 cents for a portion of meat scraps, potatoes and all the bread without butter you can eat) a regular meal comes close to costing as much as it would in a modest restaurant located in a poor section of town.

Chicago and New York fit this category. But wherever a man can get meat and potatoes for about a quarter, as he can in Kansas City and Los Angeles, it sometimes seems to me that he could do better to get his nourishment from wine. Such restaurants are called "horse markets" by their suspicious customers.

Chef Earns All He Gets

A restaurant on Madison Street in Chicago pays its Skid Row chef $150 a week and he is worth it. A strange characteristic of Skid Row restaurants everywhere is their attitude on cleanliness. They are either unspeakably filthy or as spotless as a hospital operating room. They all specialize in the cheapest and most obscure cuts of meat, and their prices vary in each city.

Missions hand out doughnuts and coffee in the morning and soup and coffee at night. But when a man eats in a mission he has been broke and hungry a long, long time. A few saloons give their regular customers coffee and cake in the morning. And soup is occasionally doled out in the afternoon. But the saloon usually uses only three or four bowls at a time, so the bums must wait while the early comers empty and clean a dish.

Free soup and coffee are always a miracle in alchemy. Somehow the cooks manage to water down water.

The citizen of Skid Row has the same need—if not the same lust—for money that distinguishes his more normal brother. And he gets it in precisely the same way. He works for it, has it given to him or steals it. Skid Row seems to be evenly divided among those who will work, those who won't work and those who can't work.

Panhandling is a prime source of revenue in any jungle. Sometimes it's plain begging, but more often the price of a pint is earned through devices such as peddling pencils, shoelaces, and the like. The "lumbermen" or crutch-carrying cripples can beg $30 a day with ease. However, when one has made a $5 stake he simply calls it a day and heads for a package store. The bums have learned that, for some reason, a



COLLIER'S "Now, George, don't press your luck!" FRANK BEAVEN

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With a Flavor the Whole Family Will Enjoy

young man on crutches does better financially than an older person. All begging is risky business because the police are wont to discourage it with controlled violence, but they dare not touch a cripple.

Beggars hang together in groups of four or five. Frequently only one of the gang will work a full day while the others loaf. Each man simply takes his turn.

Meet Trampdom's Upper Crust

The gandy-dancers are the Skid Row aristocracy. They work for the railroads, laying tracks, grading roadbeds and digging drainage ditches. Their name is derived from the rhythmical movement they once made as they tamped gravel and cinders tightly around railroad ties. They worked in pairs, bobbing up and down. Modern machinery has made this particular type of work extinct, but there is other heavy labor easily worth the standard $1.06 to $1.09 per-hour rate. That shoots up two cents per hour when the gandy-dancer has a year or more of continuous service, a most unlikely eventuality.

The gandy-dancer usually works from May 1st to November 30th. During this period he frequently leaves Skid Row and lives in work camps where he must pay for inferior food and bad lodging. At the typical camp the tab varies from 65 cents per meal to $2.93 a day. He works six, but pays room and board for seven days. Many railroads maintain labor offices on Skid Row. Others contract for help through commissary agents who supply the men and feed and board them. The agents' profit comes out of the food and lodging bill.

A gandy-dancer is entitled to unemployment benefits from the railroads based upon how much money he makes. These benefits, plus local unemployment relief, help see him through the winter, or as he says, "Keep me safe to Paddy's Day." A few gandy-dancers, as soon as they hit town, will pay their flophouse rent in advance for December 1st to St. Patrick's Day. Most of them are lucky if they have a nickel left a week after they come in from the camps. Agents say 70 per cent of the men stay at work throughout the season.

From my own observations, I doubt it by 70 per cent of their estimated 70 per cent.

Many go out to pick fruits and vegetables. This is piecework and those who have the strength and the necessary manual agility can make as much as $12 a day. The food is always better than the railroad camps provide and is frequently excellent by any standards. Labor agencies are numerous in Skid Row and help supply agricultural workers.

It is an accepted custom for a man to sign on as a gandy-dancer so he will be shipped close to the Connecticut tobacco fields or the California vegetable crops. Then he jumps the railroad and justifies it, if he bothers, because of the bad food and dirty living quarters that seem to be part of railroad camps.

When a man comes back from a period of gandy-dancing or an agricultural job with a couple of hundred dollars in his pocket, he wants a shoeshine. A bootblack on Kansas City's Skid Row told me, "I've shined shoes that didn't have any soles on 'em. They always throw you a half buck. If they have any money, they'll get a shine three or four times a day. I don't know why, but they all love to get their shoes shined."

The shoes may be polished in a barroom and often a man who is flush will leave his wad with the bartender. He may or may not drink it all up in a night. Obviously no man can drink $200 worth of two-for-a-quarter whisky in a single evening but there are repeated rounds of drinks for the house. And the bartender usually keeps tab with equal abandon.

Men who want a day's work will gather at a rendezvous point in Skid Row to be picked up each morning by independent truckers. The pay is usually a dollar an hour and no Skid Row laborer will accept hire from an employer who insists upon withholding taxes. He wants $8 for eight hours and the trucker can pay the government anything Uncle Sam has coming. This work is as unpopular as it is arduous, so four or five men will band together to take daily turns at working and each day's $8 is divided among the group that night.

Most of the handbills distributed in any town are set out by Skid Row workers. To get around minimum-wage laws, an hour is not used as a unit of time in this industry. An hour is the duration it takes to distribute a specified number of handbills. In crowded areas an hour is equivalent to 125 deliveries; medium-crowded it's 100; and sparsely settled suburbs are 75. Payment in this field seems to work out to around 35 cents an hour for a day's work. But it can be a lot less.

The lowest form of Skid Row labor is bottle collecting. Men trudge around picking up empties which, by a custom which is nation-wide except in New York, are carefully lined up along the curbs for the convenience of the bottleman. He gets a cent and a half for gallon jugs, a cent for quart bottles and a half cent for pints. And they must be wine bottles, because whisky bottles by law cannot be refilled.

Brisk Trade with Blood Banks

If you have ever been given plasma or serum you are closer to Skid Row than you think. Thousands of bums peddle their blood to legitimate banks, many of which are located in, or reasonably adjacent to, Skid Row. The price for a pint which is to be reduced to plasma is $4 in California and a little more in the East.

A blood donor is generally limited to five bleedings a year, but a man can go broke a lot more than five times during 12 long months. Records are kept, but identification is a haphazard thing on Skid Row. Arms are examined for recent punctures and in Los Angeles each donor has the fingers of his left hand



CHARLES STRAUSS

Diminished Third

Beethoven, Brahms and Bach—'twas these
Who earned the name of the Three Great B's;
But now, in the local record shop,
The only B that you hear is Bop.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

painted with a compound which is not visible unless the hand is placed under a blue fluorescent lamp. It takes about eight weeks for this solution to disappear completely. I watched one hank turn away 32 men within two hours when the lamp showed the telltale blue on their fingers. Recently, however, a Skid Row chemist discovered a solution that erases the stain within minutes.

Clear-blooded alcoholics from Skid Row make up the largest part of the nation's donor population. But their contributions mix easily with those from church groups giving blood for charity, or from young men who need the price of a few gallons of gas for an evening date, and from other young men who need money to buy milk for their babies. The blood banks in Los Angeles normally hit peak production just before Income Tax Day.

Pensions account for a large, if not the largest, portion of Skid Row income. Most pensioners do not draw enough to allow better living standards.

The steel and concrete jungle is heavily populated with remittance men drawing small monthly checks from relatives, and with Army and Navy pensioners. The retired servicemen are usually as drunk as anybody in the barroom, but they are invariably immaculate.

One of the most extraordinary seminars I ever heard started in a Bowery saloon when one old gentleman complained of his rheumatism and said, "I can go up to the Old Soldiers Home. But I don't want to do that yet." He went on to say, "There's a law you know. No soldier of Uncle Sam can be a puhlic charge."

General agreement was voiced and then a bleary old gent said, "You know, America is the greatest country in the world." This was immediately acknowledged as gospel by all and sundry and there began a round-table discussion among a half-dozen down-and-out hulks, each vying to add further vocal trihute to the land of opportunity.

There are few women on Skid Row, for a variety of reasons. Perhaps one explanation is that the weaker sex is made of sterner stuff. Another more obvious argument is that society just won't allow a woman to sleep in the gutter. I saw a cripple fall and split his face wide open in front of Chicago's Haymarket Theater and the box-office lady didn't pause a second in the job of applying her lipstick. But let a woman doze off in a hallway and the police station telephone switchboard lights up like a Christmas tree. Almost invariably the calls are from indignant females.

The female Skid Row consists, obviously, of the bordellos of the land. But the inmates therein rarely wind up in gutters. The mortality rate among prostitutes is high. But so, too, is the marriage rate. And when a girl finds she has to call quits to such a career she can almost always go home.

Few Women Among the "Down"

Traveling from New York to California and back, I saw four out-and-out Skid Row drunks of the opposite sex. I don't know how many thousands of alcoholic men I saw. The professional phrase for a hum who has dropped to the sidewalk is "down." I saw at least 500 males who were down during a month in the jungle, but just two females.

I did see perhaps 50 women who obviously lived on Skid Row. There are no flophouses available to them, so they live in tiny rooms. They are pensioners or beggars. A few shelters for women do exist, but they are expensive and the tenants are subject to expulsion if, after a 12-hour day of selling pencils, they so befoul themselves as to have a couple of glasses of beer.

Although Skid Row is almost completely free of sex, and few females are ever seen on it, women are a perpetual topic of conversation at the bars and over the tables in the flophouse lohbies. Almost all Skid Row hums insist that women put them where they are. At first I shrugged that theory off as an alibi. After a month of closer listening, however, I would suggest that any error is in the direction of understatement. In addition to the bums who are certain that women put them on Skid Row, there are others who unmistakably were driven there by women and don't realize it.

To clear up that last statement first: Policemen all over the country told me to look for the derelict who had heen the "youngest son." He was not hard to find. He was, in fact, everywhere. He was the boy who had stayed home with Mother while the older brothers went out and got themselves set in business. When Mother died, the youngest was finally forced into a competitive



"They looked terrific in bathing suits. It never occurred to me to wonder how they'd look in clothes"

COLLIER'S — CHARLES PEARSON



world. Perhaps he started at the age of forty—about 22 years too late.

He stands alone, bereft of his mother's comfort and with a tight silver cord still tied around his hands and his brains. Whisky, he soon discovers, erases his fear, his confusion, and his humiliation. Soon he is on Skid Row. Quite frequently he is supported hy checks from his older hrothers who ask only that he stay to hell away from them.

He himself believes that he's on Skid Row because he couldn't get along with his family back in Des Moines. He's there, of course, because his mother didn't give him the same break she gave his hrothers.

"Too Much Mama" May Harm Son

A slight variation on the story of the youngest son who stayed home with Mama is the case of the *only* son who did the same thing.

The Yale Plan Clinic is in the throes of conducting a survey which is not yet nearly complete. But the figures which have so far been compiled carry a tremendous impact. Mark Keller of the Yale Group has made the following statement on the basis of what has been learned so far:

"We are making a study on the subject. It is not yet complete but we now have statistics indicating that 40 per cent of alcoholics are either 'only children' or 'youngest.' Also, the more sihlings older than a subject, the more likely he is to appear as an alcoholic." Siblings are brothers or sisters.

So much for Mama who is, after all, a woman. The most frequently recurring episode in the Skid Row story goes like this. The Hotel McCoy is the Grand Hotel of Chicago's foul Madison Street Skid Row. It has 800 rooms divided among three floors, each cubicle measuring roughly four feet by six. Rates are 60 cents a day except for the rare rooms with windows. With ventilation the price jumps to 75 cents.

A handsome automobile halted before the McCoy and one of the two ladies in it daintily hailed a policeman.

"Officer," she said, "we're afraid to go in there but we would like to see Mr. John Jones. Would you ask him to come out?"

The policeman entered and the clerk pointed out Mr. Jones who was quietly reading a comic hook and enjoying a chew of tohacco. "Jones," said the policeman in the courtly manner of all Chicago cops, "there's a couple of babes out there in a big car. They want to see you."

Jones, being on Skid Row and being in the presence of the law, cowered. "Do I have to go?"

"Nope. But they're real rich-looking kids. Furs and everything."

"Is there a redheaded old woman with them, Officer?"

"No. Just two young ones."

Jones smiled and got up. "Okay. Let's go. Those are my daughters. But if that redheaded old bag of a mother of theirs is along, I'm running right back in here."

Jones, Skid Row bum but proud father, went out to meet his daughters. He was one of the vast army of men who have fled a nagging wife for the delights of an all-male Skid Row flop and some peace and quiet.

None of the men I met *admitted* his life had been blighted by a maiden who spurned his offer of matrimony. Nor did any charge infidelity on the part of their wives.

But the doting mother, and the nagging wife must take the hlame for thousands who seek escape on Skid Row. Liquor, too, plays a heavy role here, of course, and no woman can be criticized for objecting if her husband is perpetually plastered. But, like the chicken and the egg, it would be interesting to know which came first.

What steps are being taken to wipe out Skid Row—U.S.A.? Next week's installment exposes the inadequacies of our programs to help the unfortunate men who are America's living dead


COLLIER'S "Good thing the tide's going out. In about a half an hour we'll have us a nice spot" GEORGE RECKAS





"Power-Hungry Men in Uniform"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

insidious, that few people recognize its presence, or will admit it if they do. Our forefathers recognized it for what it is—the veiled, but nonetheless potent, threat to our form of government.

The concept of military control always has been diametrically opposed to the principles of democracy. A society which gives too much power to a unified armed force creates, in ultimate effect, a military dictator—the single commander whose decision, whether right or wrong, is final and whose orders must be obeyed. As each officer steps up the ladder from one echelon to the next, he acquires more and more authority. He controls more and more people, and more and more things, until he becomes obsessed with his own power and his own infallibility.

So does the staff which he gathers round him, for it takes unto itself many of the attributes of the chief. The men who compose the staff may, as individuals, believe in the fundamental principles of democracy. But they become enmeshed willy-nilly in the evils of the system. This command structure is necessary on the battlefield, or in a theater of operations. Its use can be justified even in the Pentagon, so long as it confines itself to control of one branch of the armed forces.

Growing Pains

My view of hedges
Is a dim one.
It always seems
It's time to trim one.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

But when a National General Staff—the Over-all High Command with its single commander—is superimposed over all the armed services, it can begin to reach out and control the nation. Why not? Isn't war the soldier's business? Who is better qualified to run a nation-in-arms? Surely the Over-all High Command—trained to handle huge numbers of personnel, to carry on gigantic operations, to figure out logistics to the nth degree, and to reach quick and sound decisions—can do a better job at it than a lot of bumbling politicians, or business tycoons, or plain civilians.

An Unsound Theory of Defense

In these days of armed neutrality, a country must be prepared for war at any moment. Only if the military are in full control—in time of peace while preparing for war, as well as in time of war itself—can the national security be assured.

It is this sort of thinking which leads to propaganda like the following:

"The one big item . . . was lack of an *over-all high command* to co-ordinate Air Forces, Army, Navy, Intelligence, *research, production* and *supply, man power,* and *diplomacy* as the General Staff co-ordinates the War Department. At the height of our war effort, we still lacked a proper *over-all high command.*" (Italics supplied.)

That sounds like a passage from Hitler's Mein Kampf. But it isn't. It is an excerpt from a lecture delivered by Brigadier General Williston B. Palmer, Commandant of the United States Army Information School at Carlisle Barracks, Pennsylvania, in 1946. Read it carefully, for it is all there: an over-all high command to co-ordinate not just the Air Force and the Army and the Navy; but research, production and supply, man power, and diplomacy as well. In short, it suggests an over-all high command composed of military people to control the nation.

Senators and congressmen have asked: "What can we do? How can we achieve economy in the armed forces, or stop the endless jealousy between them? Who is right, the Army, or the Navy, or the Air Force? Must we—can we—assume the responsibility for determining how much money is needed for national security, or how strong or how organized our defense forces should be? Isn't it better to set up this supreme military commander over all the services, and let him tell us what to do?"

The answer, again, is no! Congress must assume that responsibility!

Must Curb Military Ambition

Congress would not think of adopting a labor bill drafted by John L. Lewis until after the closest examination. It does not hesitate to exercise its own good judgment in respect to such legislation. It must be at least equally vigilant in the military field. There are men in uniform who are ambitious and power-hungry.

Let's get at the facts behind every proposal that originates behind the Brass Curtain. It is getting more and more difficult. Defense Secretary Johnson's original "Consolidation Directive No. 1"—since withdrawn under fire—said in effect: Once the Over-all High Command has decided upon a policy, no person in the military establishment—regular, retired, reserve, National Guard, civilian employee or what not—can publicly express a contrary opinion, even to Congress. It made no difference what that policy might cover: drill regulations, or the transfer of naval aviation to the Air Force, or the Tydings bill, or the weather.

To require a citizen to obey the law is one thing. To tell him that the law *should* be such and such is something else again. It seems that the prohibition of free speech can be the price for "harmony" and "unification."

Should we deny to Congress the information which it needs to maintain its civilian control over the men in uniform? Under the original Consolidation Directive, once "policy" had been predetermined behind the Brass Curtain, every military man who appeared as a witness before a Congressional committee would have had to say the same thing. There was nothing else he could do, regardless of his personal opinion.

If Congress eventually creates the Over-all High Command, *can* the military "be kept under strict subordination to and governed by the civil power?"

In his testimony before the Senate Committee on the Armed Forces on March 29th of this year, Mr. Ferdinand Eberstadt, chairman of the Committee on the National Security Organization of the Hoover Reorganization Commission, said, in substance, that there is nothing materially wrong with the National Security Act of 1947. He said further that "in the absence of clear proof of need, we should, therefore, be very deliberate about making drastic changes in this essentially sound statute."

Why, then, is Congress being continually pressed into this preposterous scheme for revision? The answer lies behind the Brass Curtain. THE END

The opinions expressed in this article are the private ones of the writer and are not to be construed as official or as reflecting the views of the Navy Department or of the Naval Service at large.



Way out West where men are men and a football game is a place to get a tan, brighter patterns and casual wear mark the college scene. The belted loafer and the sport jacket with large bellows pockets are two top items



If the Tigers of Princeton make as dashing a display on the field as these wolves do in the stands, let the opposition tremble and quake. The star of this bright backfield is the man sporting the blue blazer and the Tattersall vest



Down where the sweet magnolia blossoms, and a girl's Southern accent is the real thing, lighterweight fabrics and lighter shades are growing in popularity, but colored shirts and striped sport jackets are good everywhere



Hail to the choices these college men from the wintry Middle West have made in overcoats. Although the plaid is bolder, the top favorites this fall are the lined ulster with mouton collar and the camel's-hair polo coat

Back to College in Style

By BERT BACHARACH

From coast to coast and border to border the basic wardrobe of the well-dressed college man is the same. You can't go wrong on these timely tips

NOT very long ago, a popular gag in college humor magazines was to describe how to get a collegiate fashion started. I remember one, for instance, that told how to popularize an outfit of saddle shoes, sarong, beer jacket and turban. "First," it said, "get yourself admitted to Harvard, Yale or Princeton. Then don your saddle shoes, sarong, beer jacket and turban and lounge around an intercollegiate gathering place wearing a small 'H,' 'Y' or 'P.' Before a week goes by, campuses all over the country will be studded with undergraduates wearing saddle shoes, sarong, beer jacket and turban."

This may have been true some 20 years ago, but it no longer holds today. Fads and fashions originate now on any campus. Except for local trademarks a well-dressed sophomore at little Grinnell College in Iowa is barely distinguishable from a Class of 1952 man rushing to a seminar across Harvard's yard. Here, for example, is an inexpensive college wardrobe that will make you a B.M.O.C. ("Best-dressed Man on Campus") wherever you happen to be going to school:

Basic in the wardrobe is the traditional gray flannel suit, supplemented by a navy-blue flannel or worsted suit, plus a sport jacket in subdued overplaid, stripes or a neat check. If you wish, you can add that tricky new-old item that has been sweeping Eastern and Middle Western campuses—the navy-blue blazer with gold metallic buttons.

To be in the know, get yourself a checked or brightly colored vest. This is a minor Eastern madness but the fad is moving west, so if you go to school west of the Alleghenies, amaze your classmates by showing up with a fancy vest before this item hits your campus.

Vests aren't the only items that are brightly tinted this year. The practical, hard-working postwar collegian learned that he could get much more mileage out of colored shirts than white. Get them in cream, blue, tan, canary and pink; and look for stripes, with both colored and white grounds. The most popular collars are the spread and button-down types, with a trend developing toward rounded points. If you see French cuffs on the shirt you are buying, don't drop it and run. You'll see plenty of French cuffs on the campus this fall—and don't forget to buy a pair of cuff links.

One college trend is continuing—the use of solid-color knit ties; another is disappearing—the practice of flitting about with the bare noggin, so take some kind of hat along this year. You'll see plenty of ordinary felt hats around—in smaller shapes.

Other items are holdovers. Keep getting your socks, for instance, in bright Argyle patterns; and limit your shoes to moccasin types, wing-tip brogues and chukka boots. Your trench coat should be double-breasted, your dinner jacket single-breasted and midnight blue. Keep on wearing pull-over sweaters and ski sweaters, and when it really gets cold, your conventional camel's-hair polo coat still is very much in style—and probably will be for the next thousand years.

If you want another, warmer coat, get one of those rugged lined ulsters with the mouton-fur collar.

None of this is guaranteed to keep you from flunking a single course, but at least you'll look as good as the men who pass. THE END

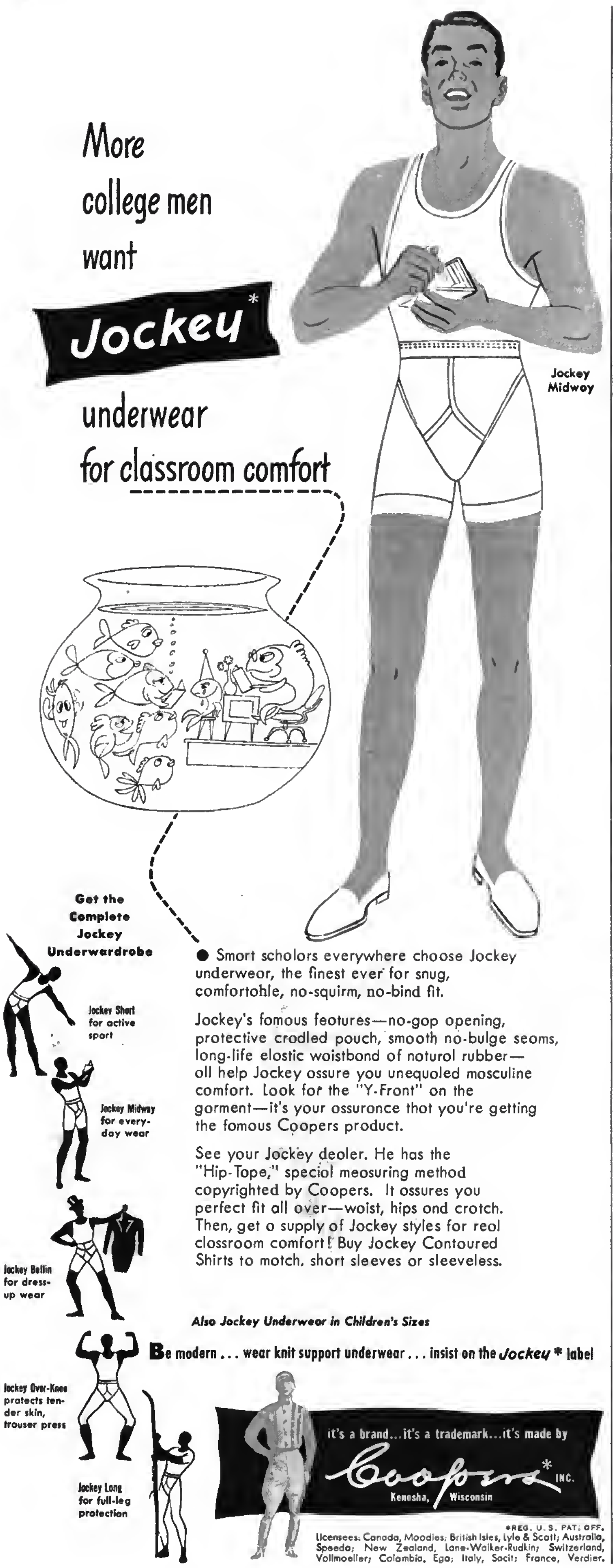


For winter sports, the young male of the species wants warmth, freedom and style. Here we have a spectator in a water-repellent windbreaker and, about to take off for the ski slope, a couple with contrasting sweaters and matching pants



The men in black and white ties flanking the sweet young thing are impeccably dressed for a college formal, but the fellow at the left is on the crest of upcoming fashions with his single-breasted, midnight-blue dinner jacket

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE SAALBURG



Looie Follows Me

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

shirt. Dad took him upstairs right to my room, went inside and pointed to the extra twin bed and said, "You'll bunk in here with Jimmy, Johnny."

For the first time I thought the pictures that I had cut out and taped to my walls looked sort of childish. I wished I had known about him so I could have taken them down. Johnny slowly surveyed the room. "This'll do okay," he said.

Mother went over to him and gently pulled his ear forward as though she was lifting a rock under which she expected to find a bug. Johnny snatched his head away. "What's the gag?" he demanded.

Mother gave her telephone laugh. "Why, I just wondered how dirty you got on the trip. Those trains are a fright. I'll start hot water running in the tub."

She hurried out of the room. Johnny said weakly, "Wait a minute, lady." But she was already gone. In a few seconds we could hear the heavy roar of water filling the tub.

The three of us stood there, sort of embarrassed. Dad said, "Well, Johnny, make yourself at home." He went on downstairs, leaving me there with this Johnny. Looie was with Mother.

Johnny sat on the edge of his bed. He kicked at the suitcase with his sneaker. I looked at him with fascination. There were two deep scars on the back of his right hand and one finger was crooked. He was the toughest-looking kid I'd ever seen. It seemed somehow to be an insult that Mother should shove him into a bathtub the first minute.

I said, "It happens to me too. The baths, I mean. Until they'd drive you nuts."

He looked at me without interest. "Yeah?"

"I'm going to be eleven in July. July fourteenth," I said. "How old are you?"

"About twelve, I guess."

I was horrified. "Don't you know for certain?"

"No."

Now I knew that this was really a tough kid. I had never met anyone before who didn't know his own birthday. I decided right then and there to forget my own.

WHEN he came downstairs for lunch, his hair was damp. But his face still had that grayish, underground look. He sat silent at the table while Mother and Dad made a lot of gay conversation about how nice it was in the country. He pushed his glass of milk aside. Mother said, "Don't you like milk?"

"Never could get used to the taste of the stuff."

"In this family," Mother said in her don't-cross-me voice, "the children eat what is placed before them—without question. We hope you'll do the same, Johnny."

He raised one eyebrow, grinned at her almost as though he was humoring her. He drank the milk down and wiped his mouth on the back of the scarred hand. "I still don't like it," he said.

Dad quickly changed the subject. After lunch he said, "Now you kids run out and play."

Johnny headed for the garage. Once upon a time it was a barn. He went around behind it, dug a cigarette butt out of his pocket along with a kitchen match. He lit it carefully after striking the match with his thumbnail. He took one long deep drag, puffed out the smoke, butted the cigarette and put it back in his pocket just as Looie came around the corner of the barn, her face screwed up ready to cry if we were out of sight. She came toward us with a wide happy smile.

" 'Fraid she'd snitch," Johnny said.

"She would," I agreed.

"I'm going to get sick of this Johnny, Johnny business," he said. "The name's Stoney. Stoney Wotnack."

"Ha! Stoney!" Looie said. "Stoney, Stoney, Stoney."

"That's right, sis," he said.

I couldn't think of what to say to him. He said, "What's to do around this dump, Jim?"

I said eagerly, "Well, we can climb the apple trees, and there's a crick the other side of the hill to fish in, and I'm making a cave in the crick bank and . . ." My voice trailed off. There wasn't the tiniest gleam of interest in his eyes. "What do you like to do?" I asked weakly.

STONEY shrugged. "Depends. I get a charge out of playing snatch at the five-and-dime. You can sell the stuff for enough to take in the movies. You can smoke in the balcony. Or you tell a guy you watch his car he'll give you two bits. And let him know that maybe you don't get the two bits first, he gets a hole in a tire. Or at night you can go hunting in the alleys for drunks. Roll 'em for everything but their clothes."

I couldn't follow him very clearly. And I didn't want to show my ignorance by asking questions. But he had opened up exciting possibilities I never knew existed. I saw myself sitting casually in a movie balcony, puffing on a cigar.

He sighed. "But you can't do that stuff here. This place is—empty. No noises except bugs and birds. My old man was on a prison farm once. He didn't like it."

I said, "Want to look around?"

He shrugged. All the things that had looked pretty good to me turned out to be as childish as the pictures on the walls of my room. I had been pretty proud of our six acres, the same as Dad, but under Stoney's cold stare everything dwindled away to a horrible, insipid emptiness.

At one place he came to life. The Branton twins and I had got hold of a feed sack, stuffed it with sawdust and hung it by a long rope from one of the rafters in the barn. When Stoney saw it, his shoulders went back and he strutted up to it. He went into a crouch, jabbed at it lightly and expertly with a flicking left, and jumped his right fist deep into it. He bounced around on his toes, jabbing, hooking, snuffing hard through his nose. The thump of his fist into the sawdust gave me a horridly vivid picture of how that would feel in my stomach.

He finished and said, "Little workout's a good thing."

"Yeah," I said, consciously imitating his cold tone.

"Another couple years and I try the geegees."

"The what?" I said.

"Golden Gloves, kid. Golden Gloves. That's a life. Win in your division and turn pro and play it smart and you're all set. Better than lugging a shine box around in fronta the Forty-second Street library, kid. I watch 'em work out at the gym. Look, we got to get a bigger bag and fasten it more solid. It swings too much."

"Yeah," I said coldly.

"Got any funny books?" he asked. "I feel like reading. The crime kind."

"They'll only let me have cowboy ones," I said apologetically.

"Them big sissies in the pink shirts give me a laugh."

"I like Roy Rogers," I said defensively.

He stared at me and chuckled coldly. "Roy Rogers! Ha!"

I went moodily back to the house alone. Looie was trudging around on the pointless walk, following Stoney. I

didn't like her following me usually, but this sudden shift of allegiance annoyed me. I sat in a chair on the porch.

Dad came out and said, "Where's Johnny?"

"Walking," I said.

"Can't you think up a game or something?"

"He doesn't like games."

Mother came out and heard that last part. She said to Dad, "It's quite an adjustment for the boy. I think we ought to leave him alone for a little while. Polite, isn't he?"

Stoney did not come out of his mood of chill disdain. Within three days he had settled into a pattern. He fixed the sawdust bag and spent two hours every morning working out. Dad lined up some chores for him, and after his workout, he did his chores quickly and expertly. He was silent at the table, speaking only when spoken to. In the afternoon he wandered around and around, tagged by Looie. She talked to him constantly and I never heard him say anything to her that was longer than one word.

ON THE eleventh day of Stoney's visit Dad had set us to work grubbing the tall grass out from around the bases of the apple trees. The dogged way Stoney worked made it necessary for me to work just as hard. Looie had found a hoptoad and she was urging him along by poking him with a twig.

Suddenly there was a loud neighing sound and the Branton twins, Kim and Cam, came galloping down the hill. They were the biggest kids of their age in our school. They had long faces and bright blue eyes and not very much sense.

Stoney straightened up and looked at them and I heard him say one short word under his breath. I saw that word once, chalked on a fence. But I'd never heard anyone say it.

They ran around us three times and pulled up, panting and snorting. They both talked at once, much too loud, and I finally got the idea that there was some kind of sickness at Camp Wahmbahmoo and everybody had been sent home.

Stoney stood and stared at them. Kim said, "Hey, you're from the Fund, Mom said."

"You want it drawn for you in a picture?" Stoney asked.

"Yipes, he can draw," Cam yelled. Kim jumped up and grabbed an apple tree branch. He swung his feet up and got them over the branch, let go with his hands and hung by his knees. Then he started a gentle swinging. At the right part in the swing, he straightened his legs and dropped, twisting in the air so his feet hit first. He had to touch his hands to the ground for balance.

Cam stared at Stoney. "Okay, let's see you do that." Both the twins seem to be made of nothing but hard, rubbery muscle and pink skin.

Stoney gave a snort of disgust and started to work again. "Scared to try, even," Cam shouted.

Stoney straightened up. "What does it get me, pal, falling out of a tree? Once I see a guy fall out of a thirty-story window. When he hit, he splashed. There you got something."

Cam and Kim went into their act. They hung onto each other and yelped. They gasped with laughter. They pounded on each other and jumped up and down and gasped about thirty-story windows. When they do that to me I get so mad that tears run right out of my eyes. Stoney acted as if they weren't there. After a while the twins got tired. Kim snatched Looie's toad and they went racing up through the orchard, yelling that they'd see me later. Looie was yelling about the loss of her hopper.

When they were seventy feet away Kim threw the toad back to us. We heard it hit up in one of the trees, but it didn't come down. Probably wedged up there.

Looie was screaming. Stoney said, "Pals of yours?"

"Well, they live in the next house."

He gave me a contemptuous look and took Looie's hand. "Come on, sis, and



COLLIER'S "I'd just like to borrow a couple of hundred dollars until I get back on my bands" LEONARD DOVE

we'll get us another hopper." She went snuffling off with him. I was about to complain because he had left me with the work, and then I noticed that he'd finished the last of his trees.

The next time I saw them, Stoney was leaning against the barn, his eyes half shut against the sun glare. Looie had a hopper and she was hopping along behind it.

WITH the Branton kids back, the tempo of things stepped up. They galloped into the yard in the late afternoon. Stoney stood and watched them without expression. They separated to gallop on each side of him. Kim dropped onto his knees and Cam gave Stoney a shove. Stoney went over hard. He got up and brushed himself off.

Cam and Kim circled and came back to stand panting in front of him. "Well?" Cam said.

"Well what?" Stoney said.

"What are you going to do about it?" Cam asked.

Stoney hunched his shoulders. He looked at the house and for a moment he seemed to be sniffling the air like a hound. Then the tension went out of him. "I'm not going to do anything, friend."

"Yella!" Kim yelled.

Stoney looked amused. "Could be, friend. Could be."

I was disgusted with Stoney. I headed out of the yard and hollered back to the twins, "Come on, guys. Leave him with Looie."

We went over to the Branton place. I was late getting back to supper. I came in with my shirt torn because they had ganged me. They hurt my arm, but I got over it before I went home. I didn't want Stoney to see me crying.

The next morning the twins came over and used the punching bag for a tackling dummy. The rope broke and the bag split when it hit the floor. Stoney leaned against the wall and watched them moodily. I knew the way the twins operated. They were trying to get a rise out of Stoney. And once they did, it would be too bad for Stoney.

After they had gone I said to Stoney, "Shall we fix the bag?"

He shrugged. "I only got two more days here. Skip it." . . .

The following afternoon I was up in the room working on my stamps. A bunch of approval items had come in the mail and I was budgeting my allowance to cover the ones I had to have.

It was getting late. I knew that Looie was trudging around after Stoney Wotnack. The sound came from afar—a thin, high screaming. I knew right away that it was Looie's built-in screech. She used it for major catastrophes.

Dad wasn't back from the office yet. I got out in back the same time Mother did, but Mother beat me to Looie. Mother went over her, bone by bone, and dug under her hair looking for scalp wounds.

All we could find was some angry-looking rope burns on her ankles and wrists, and a little lump on her forehead right at the hairline. When the screeching began to fade into words, I told Mother that she was yelling about Indians. We got her into the house and finally she calmed down so that Mother could understand her too.

Mother said, "Oh, it was just those silly Branton twins playing Indian."

For my money, silly was a pretty lightweight word. I had got tangled in one of the Brantons' Indian games the summer before, and Mr. Branton had to come over and apologize to Dad about the arrow hole in my left leg in the back. The Brantons were kept in their own yard for a week, and when they got out they twisted my arm for telling.

Just then Stoney Wotnack came sauntering down across the lot with his hands in his pockets. He was whistling. It was the first time I had ever heard him whistle.

Mother turned on him real quick and said, "Johnny, didn't you know those big twins were picking on little Looie?"

"They quit after a while," he said idly. I could see she wanted to ask him more, but he went on into the house.

Looie's yelping had simmered down to dry sobs that were a minute apart. I could see by the expression on her face that she was thinking of something to ask for. She knew that she usually got a yes answer right after she was hurt.

Mother said, "When your father comes home, I'm sending him over to the Brantons'. This sort of thing has happened too often."

Dad came home a half hour later. I saw a little gleam in his eyes as Mother told him about Looie. Dad gently rubbed his hands together and said, "A decent local government would put a bounty on those two. But I couldn't go out after them. It would be too much like shooting horses, and I love horses."

"This is nothing to kid about, Sam," Mother snapped.

"Okay, okay. I'll go have words with Harvey Branton. But if they carry me home on a shutter, you'll know it went further than words. Remember, darling, he's the guy who lifted the front end of our car out of the ditch last winter."

"Just give him a piece of your mind."

Dad turned to me. "Jimmy, would you care if you weren't friends any more with the twins? I can tell Harvey to keep them off the property."

"Have I been friends with them?" I asked.

Dad stood up. "Wish me luck," he said.

Just then a car came roaring into our driveway and the car door slammed almost before the motor stopped running.

Harvey Branton came striding across the grass to our front porch. He walked with his big fists swinging and with a set look around the mouth. Twenty feet from the porch he yelled, "I want a word with you, Sam Baker!"

From the way he looked, if I was Dad, I would have headed for the storeroom in the attic. But Dad came out onto the porch and leaned against a pillar and held his lighter to his cigarette. "Just coming over to see you, Harvey."

HARVEY BRANTON pulled up to a stop, his face a foot from Dad's. "You're harboring a criminal in this house, Baker. This is a decent section. I won't have you bringing city riffraff up here to pick on my children."

"Pick on your children!" Dad said with surprise.

"Don't pretend you don't know anything about it, Baker. My two boys were worked over by an expert. I have the whole story from them. That gutter rat you're boarding attacked them. Kim has two black eyes and so does Cam. Their mother has driven them down to the doctor. Kim's nose has to be set and we think that he'll have to take stitches on the inside of Cam's lip. A man couldn't have punished them worse."

Dad said mildly, "Harvey, I was coming over to tell you that unless you could keep those two pony-sized kids of yours from picking on Looie, you could keep them off the property."

"Harmless play," Harvey rasped. "Don't change the subject. I'm talking about brutal assault, and that riffraff is your guest, so you can damn' well assume the responsibility."

Mother came out onto the porch and said, "I just got the rest of the story from Looie. She wandered away from Johnny, and your two fiends jumped her and tied her to one of the saplings in the back pasture and piled brush around her legs. They had matches and they told Looie they were going to burn her alive. They were holding lighted matches by that dry brush. She said they had red paint on

their faces." Mother's voice sounded funny and brittle.

"A stupid lie," Harvey Branton said.

"Looie has never lied in her life," Dad said softly.

Harvey gave him a mean look. "I'm not saying who is a liar, Baker. I'm just saying that I know my own boys and they wouldn't do a thing like that and your wife is trying to shift the responsibility."

Stoney Wotnack came out of the hallway. He came across the porch. His hands were out of his pockets and I saw that the big knuckles were bruised and reddened. He stopped and looked up at Harvey Branton and said, "I see it, mister. Tbem two creeps you got would 'a' burned her. Now take back what you said about Mrs. Baker."

Harvey made a sound deep in his throat. He grabbed Stoney's arm and said, "Son, it's going to take me about ten minutes to teach you to stay the hell away from decent children." He raised his big right hand and his lips were drawn back from his teeth.

Dad said in a voice so low that I could hardly hear it, "Branton, if you hit that kid I'm going to try my level best to beat the hell out of you."

I'd never heard Dad use that tone of voice. It made the hair on the back of my neck prickle.

Branton slowly lowered his hand. He let go of Stoney and stepped back away from tbe porcb. He said, "I'm going to sue you, Baker."

"Go ahead," Dad said. "Maybe those two kids of yours will be put in an institution where they belong, when the judge hears the case. Keep them off my property from now on."

The car door chunked shut again and the back wbeels spun on gravel as big Harvey Branton backed out into the highway.

Dad said, "Somebody better help me. When I stop leaning on this pillar my knees are going to bend the wrong way."

Mother went to him and kissed him and slapped him lightly on the cheek. "Just like Jack Dempsey. A real killer, aren't you, darling?"

She turned and put her hand on Stoney's bead. He stood rigid and uncomfortable.

Dad said, "Boy, this is your home away from bome. We want you back bere with us every chance you can get."

"Break it off!" Stoney said. He twisted away from Mother and went into the house. We heard his steps on the stairs.

We all talked about it at dinner. Stoney didn't say anything. Near tbe end of the meal be said with a faint tone of wonder, "That big monkey was really going to fix my wagon."

"How did you lick both of them?" Dad asked curiously.

"Both, three, six—wbo cares?" Stoney said. "They both lead with the right and swing from way back and shut their eyes when they swing. All you gotta do is stay inside the swing and bust 'em with straigbt rigbts and left books."

DAD stayed home from the office tbe next day to see Stoney off. Mrs. Turner came to drive him down to the station. Dad carried the black suitcase out to the car. Stoney had a little more weight on him and be looked heavier in the shoulders, but otberwise he was exactly the same.

Mrs. Turner said, "And wbat do you say, little man?"

"Yeah. Thanks," Stoney mumbled.

The car drove off. "Grateful little cuss, isn't he?" Dad said.

"Maybe we're the ones to be grateful," Mother said mildly.

We went back into the house. Dad was the one who, by accident, found out about the sboes. And I beard them talk and figure out togetber what had bappened.

The only way it could bave happened was for Stoney Wotnack to get up in the middle of the night and put a high shine on every pair of sboes he could find. It must have taken bim hours.

I saw Mother's face. Sbe had a shiny look in her eyes and her voice was funny, the way it gets every fall with hay fever. That seemed to me to be a pretty funny reaction to some newly shined shoes. She shook Dad by tbe arm and said, "Don't you see, Sam? Don't you see? He didn't know how to do anything else."

Dad looked at me and smiled. It was that same funny-looking smile that he wears when he walks out of a sad movie.

None of it made any sense to me. All I knew was that I'd spend the rest of the summer with Looie walking one step bebind me, sucking on her hand. THE END



"Look . . . I'm only the Walkers' baby sitter. If Mr. Walker can't sign his own name at three o'clock in the morning, it's not my fault" HANK KETCHAM

COLLIER'S

Man Over a Hot Stove

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

lovely against the yellow plates. They sat down and loaded up. And after the meal they complimented me on the food and went back to work whistling. Within an hour they had the house completely closed again to aerial traffic.

Cooking for the children was a perpetual challenge. They understood that I had launched myself on a no-holds-harred culinary career, and that they must expect surprises at every meal. They liked surprises and kept egging me on.

They noised it ahout among the neighbors, and occasionally one of the women living near hy would drop in, just to look around the kitchen and see for herself. They usually accepted if I invited them to join the children for lunch, and I was surprised to learn that women are very easy to cook for.

Women Are Easier to Please

They are just so naturally grateful when someone else works up a meal for them that they're not inclined to quihhle. They don't expect much, and when they get something that actually is toothsome they are almost embarrassingly appreciative. And I've never yet had a woman compare my cookery with something her father used to make.

But cooking for men is a different matter. Most men think they're great experts on food. Some of them even think they're cooks themselves, if they've so much as fried a couple of eggs or hamhurgers.

Spare me from such male amateurs in cookery. Not one in a hundred knows what he's talking about. I have yet to encounter one of their ilk who can pick up Escoffier's great hook and read a page of it with understanding. For that matter, not many women comprehend Escoffier. Apparently I'm one of the few Americans who've caught on to him.

His learned preface stops most of them dead in their culinary tracks. Few are hep to the fact that he's spoofing them with his big talk about the "feats of ingenuity" which his kind of cookery requires. I saw one woman open the hook to a passage ahout the difficulty of planning a perfect menu. After reading half a page she said, "What a wonderful man he must have been!"

"Yes, to hear him tell it!" I sniffed.

Here is what impressed her so much: "The planning of a menu is one of the most trying problems of our art, and one where perfection is rarely reached. In my 50 years' experience, I have heen responsihle for hundreds of menus, some of which have since hecome classical and rank among the finest of modern times. Such menus are never accomplished without lengthy lahor and much thought."

My private opinion of that whole paragraph is that Escoffier had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote it. It is pure and unalloyed halderdash. What's difficult ahout a menu? Just list the food you've got in the icehox and let it go at that. If you want to he fancy, dig up a few French words in the dictionary. But fried potatoes aren't any closer to perfection just hecause you call them *Pommes de Terre Frites à la Tour Eiffel.*

Professor Escoffier is naturally, I suppose, great on French words. He explains that France has heen expert in the cooking husiness for many generations and has developed a special lingo for everything connected with it.

"Many of these French terms are quite untranslatable," he says. "They have no English equivalent. I therefore prefer to use the French terms rather than strain the meaning of certain English words hy fitting them to a slightly unusual application."

Could anything he more fantastic? The French haven't heen cooking any longer than other people, and the special lingo they've developed is mostly

BUTCH



COLLIER'S "For years I just drifted from one trade to another, then one day a friend suggested an aptitude test" LARRY REYNOLDS

This Fascinating World

LOCALE	FASCINATING OCCURRENCE
POPLAR BLUFF, MISSOURI	After a lady carefully worked a full sack of "fertilizer" into her flower bed, her husband informed her she had been using cement.
GLASGOW	A man arrested on a charge of bigamy explained he had thought his first marriage to a Chinese woman didn't count.
FORT WORTH	A man asked for a court order to evict himself, so he would be qualified to move into a housing development reserved for homeless veterans.
MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN	Admission of patients to the Hackley Hospital is determined by a lottery drawing, emergencies excepted.
CHICAGO	A woman suing for divorce told the judge that her ouija board had advised the step.
BERWICK, ENGLAND	A tavernkeeper arrested for stocking watered whisky explained he kept a couple of bottles of this under the counter for the wife's relations.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

childish. Have they accomplished any stupendous linguistic feat by calling potatoes "apples of the earth"?

If Mr. Escoffier were still alive I'd like to ask him a few pointed questions about his highfalutin French language. For instance, how would he translate "hot dog" into French? Or Eskimo pie?

Escoffier's main claim to fame rests on two overrated dishes—*Pêches Melba* and cherries jubilee. He invented the first one, a raspberry sundae with a peach on top, in honor of opera singer Nellie Melba, who had brought a lot of nice business to his London chophouse. He invented the second one, which is nothing but rouged cherries in a gummy red sauce, as a tribute to Queen Victoria's jubilee celebration.

That's all there is to be said about Escoffier, the so-called king of chefs and chef of kings. He lived in another age. Nowadays the pace is stiffer, and you can't make a reputation simply by putting raspberries on a dab of ice cream. You've got to think up something really good—like *Poulet sans Sang-Froid.*

Father Acted Rather Snooty

I've mentioned that my father spent the week ends with us. He never really warmed up to my cooking, being always slightly suspicious. He would sit down at the table with the air of royalty preparing to eat sandwiches at the annual servants' ball. He invariably compared my most elaborate concoctions with allegedly superior dishes his mother had prepared for him, back in dear old Devon. One day I went to considerable trouble to supplement a rare roast of beef with a tasty Yorkshire pudding.

Dad sampled it, and then said mournfully, "Well, I suppose it takes an Englishwoman to make a good Yorkshire pudding. Your recipe isn't right. My mother had a wonderful recipe."

"This pudding *is* made from your mother's recipe," I informed him, icily.

After that, he stuck to more general criticisms, where he wasn't likely to be tripped and thrown for a loss. One day he remarked, after kibitzing my kitchen activities for a spell, "There is nothing about your method of preparing meals to inspire the confidence of onlookers."

How right he was! I never plan dinner. I just stumble on it, with the nonchalance of a master. If I decide at four o'clock in the afternoon to have fish that evening, I go down to the river and catch them. To select a vegetable, I wander around in the garden until I locate something that strikes my fancy. If it happens to be broccoli, I walk back by way of the henhouse to see whether there are enough eggs for a hollandaise sauce.

But for all-around ingenuity I bow to M. Escoffier. His great rival, Vatel, committed suicide when the soles failed to arrive for a royal dinner. Escoffier, commenting on the incident, said Vatel acted "impetuously."

"What would you have done, sire?" asked one of his disciples.

Escoffier smiled and explained impressively, "I would have cut thin pieces of sliced chicken and prepared them just as if they were fillets of sole. Not even the emperor would have known the difference."

I tried it one night when I had promised my guests a fish dinner. The fish weren't biting that afternoon. Did I contemplate suicide? Not by a demitasse full. I gave them "fillet of sole Escoffier," and everybody was delighted.

But my greatest pleasure comes from the continued appreciation of my youngsters. Recently a new boy came to the neighborhood. My son, who knew I was cooking something extra-special for supper that night, strolled past the kitchen window with his new friend, just at the time I was presiding over the stove with my normal repertoire of grunts, grimaces and sweeping gestures.

"That's my pop," my son said proudly. "Boy, can he cook!"

THE END



HARRY DEVLIN

GULLIVER IN WASHINGTON

SINCE ABOUT THE TIME of Millard Fillmore's administration, we'd imagine, people have been grumbling and complaining that "there ought to be some businessmen in Washington running this government." Well, there is quite a delegation of them there now, and engineers and scientists as well. We suspect there might be more if it weren't for some occupational hazards above and beyond the call of duty.

A business executive has to have an acute sense of civic responsibility to accept a tour of government duty in peacetime. It's almost sure to cost him money. The hours are apt to be long, the work hard, and the red tape suffocating. This has been the case for years. But today, in addition to everything else, the businessman needs a tough hide if he is going to work for his Uncle Sam.

Thomas L. Stokes included a fictitious "help wanted" advertisement in a column not long ago which stated some of the new job qualifications of the businessman in government. Among them was a "calm and equable temperament . . . for you must expect at any time to be summoned before a Congressional committee where some congressman, who may be merely looking for a political issue for himself or his party, is likely to ask you all sorts of questions. Some of them will be pretty silly, but you must keep your temper and answer him politely, for he can fire you or denounce you, under his Congressional immunity, as a Communist or what not."

Any businessman who offers his talents to the government knows, of course, that he is accountable to the people and to their representatives in Congress. But he has a right to expect that when these representatives check him up on his stewardship, they will be reasonable, impartial and specific. He also has a right to expect that he will be treated with the courtesy usually shown a respectable and intelligent human being.

Too often this isn't the case. He is likely to find himself facing a sort of kangaroo court in which he is the target of personal prejudices and vague suspicions fuzzily expressed. He may find himself more of a defendant than a witness. He may also find that the charges against him show up on the front page of the next day's papers, while his subsequent explanations get buried among the obituaries. It's quite enough to scare a lot of businessmen into staying home.

They might be more willing to come if they thought that someone of, say, Senator Vandenberg's caliber would handle the inquiry if their activities ever needed investigating. But as it stands now, too many Capitol quiz shows are run by men who take a suspicious and belligerent attitude toward anything they don't understand. And their area of understanding is as limited as their appetite for publicity is large.

Congress isn't bashful about presenting itself to the public as an able, intelligent group whose efforts are devoted to the public good. It seems too bad that some of its members can't credit the businessman in government with the same decent motives. It also seems too bad that its leaders don't crack down on time- and money-wasting investigations which obviously are of small importance or of political inspiration.

The probe-happy legislators, with their mistrusts and innuendoes and smears, are a detriment to efficient government. The job of running this nation's affairs is getting bigger and more complicated. It needs a lot of expert help from patriotic volunteers. But we doubt that Washington will get all the volunteers it needs until Congress starts treating those already there with an open mind and ordinary good manners.

Air-Age Babes in Toyland

THIS DEPARTMENT TOOK an hour off the other day to visit an exhibit of new toys. As we entered the showroom our curiosity was mixed with some apprehension. For we had read, just the day before, that the University of Oklahoma had installed a Link trainer in its kindergarten to "air-condition" the young pupils to the social, economic and political implications of the air age. This, we assumed, was typical of a new trend: grim amusements to train the kids for a grim time ahead.

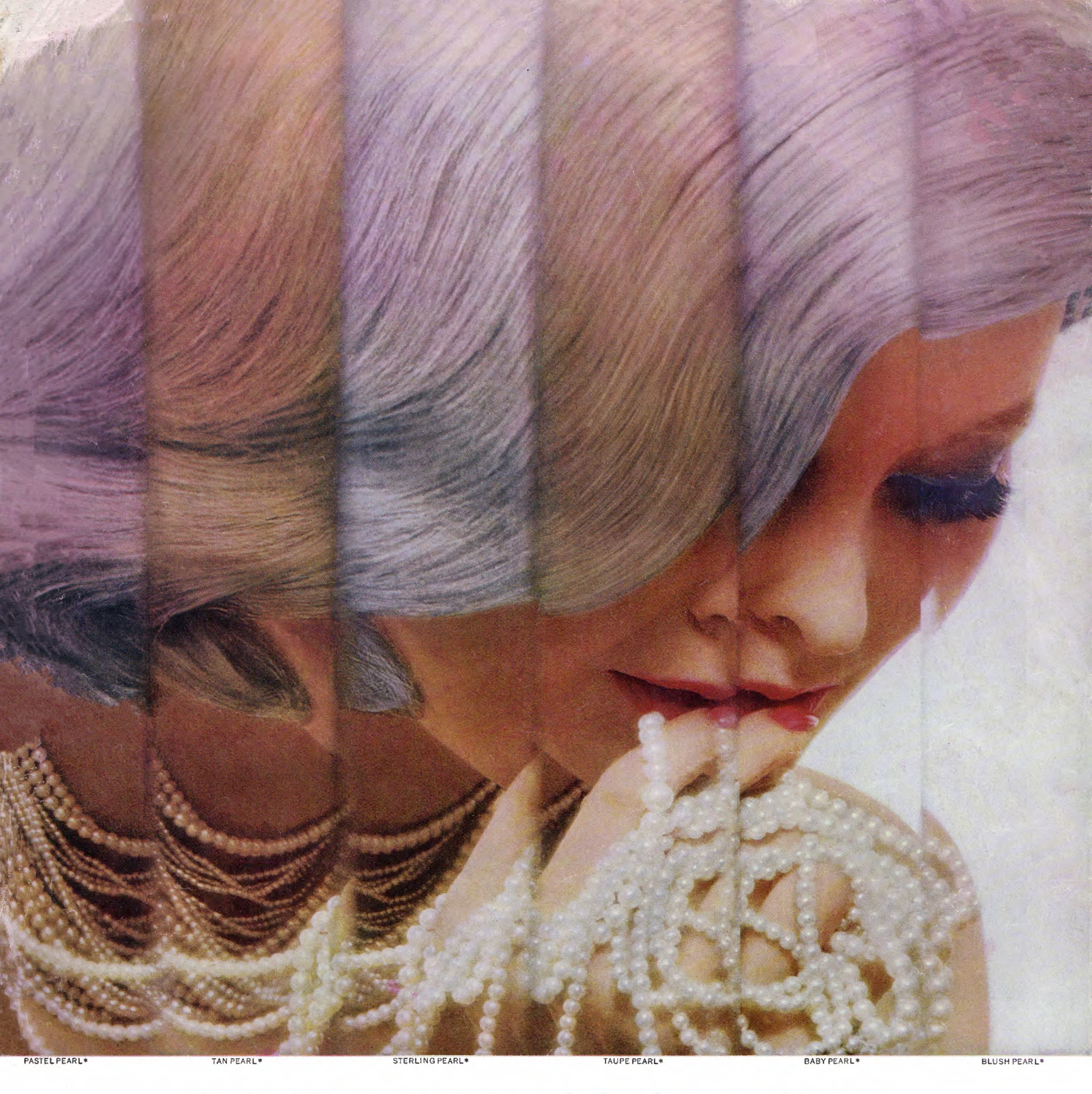
So we were prepared to find at least a junior-size cyclotron and some electronic rocking horses. But we were pleasantly disappointed. There wasn't a single atomic or supersonic implication in the whole show, so far as we could see.

The lady who showed us around said there were fewer novelties than last year. And while plastics made up 45 per cent of the show, wood and metal toys are still highly regarded, she said, because children like their "touchability."

It pleased our old-fashioned soul particularly to learn that there is little danger of the washable sanitary doll replacing the limp cloth variety. The trouble with sanitary dolls, our guide explained, is that they don't smell. Psychologists have concluded that toys which retain household odors give a little child a sense of security.

We were also glad to hear the lady say that most parents seem to have developed an allergy to "educational" toys in the last few years. Time was, she said, when the "educational" tag was a sure-fire recommendation. Now it's likely to spoil a sale.

We thanked our guide and departed, leaving our apprehension behind. Even now we feel better about a new generation that is not only being air-conditioned in Link trainers but also permitted to play with toys just because they're fun. And we're rather glad that many of the young citizens who must settle tomorrow's problems will go to bed tonight clutching a dirty old doll, and fall asleep breathing its familiar, soothing, reassuring smell.



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